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CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
Notes of the Week	227	The Theatre :	
A Hymn to Love	228	" The Pretenders " at the	
Mystic and Realist	228	Haymarket	241
The Work before Unionists .	229	" Eliza Comes to Stay " ..	
The Old Woman	231	at the Criterion Theatre ..	242
Reviews :		" Ask Quesbury " at the	
The Reunion of Christen-		Globe Theatre	242
dom	232	" Lady Noggs " at the	
Forster and Dickens	234	Comedy	243
British Lighthouses	235	" Macbeth " at the Coronet	
Greece of the Twentieth		Music	244
Century	235	Loss of Memory	245
A Masterpiece of South		At St. Stephen's Shrine ..	246
American History	236	Notes and News	248
Lord Burghersh and For-		Foreign Affairs	249
eign Politics	237	Motoring	250
Shorter Reviews	238	In the Temple of Mammon	
Fiction	239	Correspondence	252

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Notes of the Week

THE Socialist members of the German Reichstag, following the true policy of the Socialist the world over—to stir up strife—have been exciting themselves over the recent proposals of Admiral von Tirpitz with regard to the strength of the German Navy as compared with that of England. They received, this week, a deserved rebuke from the Admiral, who repudiated warmly their statement that he showed enmity to this country, and spoke very much to the point on the subject of friendship between the two nations. "I would be the first to greet an understanding with England with joy," he said, and went on to show that Germany's desire was to place herself in such a position that she should be beyond the possibility of coercion; that she should be able to protect her commerce and industry by a sufficiently strong fleet, rather than stand always "humbly, hat in hand." His open statement, with its complete disclaimer of all aggressive motives, forms one of the pleasantest authoritative pronouncements we have heard for some time on a thorny subject. Our own views on the matter are well known, and have been expressed in these columns on several occasions; we trust that the grave and considered statement by Admiral von Tirpitz will have a good effect in silencing, for a time at any rate, the scare-mongers of the Press who are perpetually on the lookout for a sensational "War Imminent" headline.

The dastardly outrage on the new country house of Mr. Lloyd George, details of which are coming to hand as we go to press, points the moral which we drew in a leading article on January 25, to the effect that for some persons "the only effectual punishment shall be available." There seems to be no doubt that the explosion is the work of women or their supporters desirous of extending the franchise, and taking the most curious ways of emphasising their demands—ways in some cases merely ludicrous, in others, as in this most recent outburst, definitely criminal. The house is practically wrecked, and the watchman on duty might have been killed—probably would have been, had not the second bomb fortunately failed. It is to be hoped that the perpetrators of the diabolical deed may soon be traced; meanwhile it is high time that those who openly incite others to the destruction of property and the danger of life, those who are in the end really responsible, should be brought to book. If, after this example of how far the fanatics will go, nothing is done, we imagine that the public will treat with no gentle hand any woman caught in the violent acts which are supposed to signify her claim for a share in the reasonable government of the country.

So Mr. G. K. Chesterton, the prophet—we had almost written prophet—of the *Daily News*, has actually left it at last! Many a Saturday breakfast-table will now be less lively for lack of his literary gyrations; let us hope that almost as many new ones may be cheered by him. No one better than he can dress sound common-sense in the jester's garb, and thus bring it vividly to our notice. It is a remarkable fact that common-sense, pure and simple, is very boring and unattractive to most of us. "By my troth," said Touchstone, "we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold." And by that good wit of his Mr. Chesterton has much to answer for: our amusement, our illumination by sudden flashes, and occasionally, as we have hinted more than once in these columns, our annoyance that he "will be flouting" when he should be better employed. When all is said, however, at his best G. K. C. is inspired; not a writer in the town can loose such pointed arrows of criticism, such wings of fancy; and for the sake of being pierced by those arrows, raised by those wings, we will put up with a great deal of superfluous matter as patiently as we may.

The advertisement which has appeared in a famous daily paper for a strong man "to keep on blowing a whistle all day long in St. James Street" has brought plenty of protests against the medley of sound which annoys those who dwell in London. The fact is, of course, that if we want speedy travel, we must have the taxi-cab. Certainly we cannot call a cab by playing a melodious air, nor may we hope to make each omnibus a travelling musical-box; but we might, with all the science at our disposal, devise, surely, something less maddening than the present bleat of the motor-horn or the almost continuous shriek of the cab-whistle.

A Hymn to Love

O Love! Within Thy folded wings
Thou gatherest all living things,
And 'tis Thy power alone that brings
The dead to live again.
A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are but the hours from dawn to night,
And Thou canst wait the ceaseless flight
Of souls that lived in vain.

Canst mould the clay to human flesh,
And fill the human veins afresh,
And weave the spirit's subtle mesh,
And wake the soul's desire.
Consume the rubbish we have made,
Grant us to see life unafraid,
To walk with knowledge undismayed,
And burn with heavenly fire.

MAX PLOWMAN.

Mystic and Realist*

IT would be possible to defend the thesis that Mr. Thomas Hardy is one of the most convinced mystics, in the face of the critics who, delving deeply into the mine of Wessex and collating the specimens thus obtained, can find nothing but evidence of the grim realism of the pessimist. The basis of our defence would be that no one who loves nature can help possessing the vein of mysticism; that no one, leaving love out of the question, who feels the influence of nature so clearly and persistently as does Mr. Hardy, can help it. Nature induces the transcendental; the very impersonation of her as a spirit pleads for nobler vision than that of bare circumstance, of bleak object, of easily explicable scientific forces; she is dowered with moods mild or murderous, given aspects bland or forbidding, loaded with happy blessing or cursed, "red in tooth and claw," with blame and horror. "Look at the dawn," wrote Max Müller, "and forget for a moment your astronomy; and I ask you whether, when the dark veil of night is slowly lifted, and the air becomes transparent and alive, and light streams forth, you know not whence, you would not feel that your eye were looking into the very eye of the Infinite?" The trouble with Mr. Hardy is that he will not forget his astronomy; but, with all the amazing weight of accurate detail which he brings to his aid, he cannot disguise the mysticism behind it.

The secret is well hidden in some of his work. It smoulders to blackness in "A Laodicean," but it flames brightly in "The Woodlanders"; it is buried almost to suffocation in the bewildering complexities of "Desperate Remedies," but it rises heartily here and there in "The Hand of Ethelberta"; it becomes a pale, cold *ignis fatuus* in "The Well-Beloved," but it glows warmly in "Under the Greenwood Tree"; it is as an Arctic mock-

sun in "Jude the Obscure"; but in "Tess," in many of the poems, and, above all, in the wondrous "Dynasts," it is a burning central orb. To see and to explain by an arresting metaphor, whether that metaphor be drawn from common things or not, is a sure sign of a perception that reaches beyond the thing seen. "The base of a cloud closed down upon the line of a distant ridge, like an upper upon a lower eyelid, shutting in the gaze of the evening sun"—so is the opening of Ethelberta's career fixed in our mind; and the attentive reader follows the same course of reasoning when he is told that the heels of her shoes, as she walked, "sucked the swampy places with a sound of quick kisses." This is not mere cleverness or aptness at comparisons: it is observation carried to the point where significance begins. We can watch the surface of the sea and note the approach of the ruffling breeze, the leaping of fish, the wheeling gulls; but the view of the swimmer, as he peers down, extends to the green caverns and dim flowers and fascinating mysteries, far below.

When this mood takes Mr. Hardy into the lyrical form, the results are extremely beautiful, though rare as priceless orchids. Where is a lovelier song than that of "Soldiers' Wives and Sweethearts," with its refrain so reminiscent of Meredith's "Phœbus with Admetus"?

And now you are nearing home again,
Dears, home again;
No more, may be, to roam again
As at that bygone time,
Which took you far away from us
To stay from us;
Dawn, hold not long the day from us,
But quicken it to prime!

We all "lead inner lives of dreams," incommunicable even to those nearest and dearest to us—such is one of the burdens borne by the epics of Wessex. A sour doubter, is too often accepted as the verdict on Thomas Hardy by those who forget that by the way of the man who doubts accepted truths, and has the courage to express his thoughts, we frequently win a step nearer to the real truth. Hardy sees with Tennyson—

The Shadow cloaked from head to foot
Who keeps the keys of all the creeds.

He sees with Browning—though not with Browning's whole-hearted cheer—the storms of the world sweeping down on humanity:—

For here comes the whole of the tempest!
No refuge, but creep
Back again to my side and my shoulder,
And listen, or sleep.

He sees, too, one terrible picture of Meredith's "Phaëthôn":—

He aloft, the frenzied driver, in the glow of the universe,
Like the paling of the dawn-star withers visibly, he
aloft;

Bitter fury in his aspect, bitter death in the heart of him.

One who sees thus, and fears no expression of what he has seen, is at his heart a mystic, whatever wintry chill may frost his faith, whatever trembling veils may shield his unhappy eyes from the greater spiritual vision.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

* *Wessex Poems; The Dynasts; Time's Laughing-stocks.*
By THOMAS HARDY. New Collected Edition. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. each net.)

The Work Before Unionists

MR. F. E. SMITH has collected in this volume* various important articles by him which have appeared in the *Oxford and Cambridge Review* and elsewhere, and he has added others for the making of a book which, in our opinion, ought to be the political book of the year. There is an impression prevalent, not solely among Radicals, that Mr. F. E. Smith is an advocate by aptitude and a statesman by ambition. This volume shows that he is a statesman by aptitude.

The author of these essays sees the full magnitude of the political problem before the nation, and he sees the issues of the day in right perspective in relation to that problem. The philosophical Radicals of the last century destroyed a social system which had indeed decayed, which failed to adapt itself to post-feudal conditions, but which had, as Carlyle showed, a basis of truth. It recognised that human society is an organism. Never, perhaps, has the contrast between talent and genius, about which Schopenhauer wrote so perspicaciously, been so well illustrated as by those philosophers. Able and *bornés*, erudite and mistaken, cocksure that their clear, narrow vision showed them the essence of political or economic knowledge, they mistook the husk for the core, and, profoundly impressing the educated world of their day by their display of information, succeeded in damning humanity in this country into that system of "anarchy plus the police-constable," unconscionable Individualism, canting Cobdenism, brutish competition, and the rest of it, which has ruined the old social order and given us in its place the jerry-built structure, with "Am I my brother's keeper?" inscribed upon its portal, that is now rapidly falling into ruin. Without metaphor, these men gave us the system under which in "boom" years of "record" trade we have thirty per cent. of our people destitute and on the verge of starvation. We do not accuse those philosophers alone; the Lancashire traders who supported them had an equal share in the business; but they were commercial men whose professions of disinterested wisdom and democratic benevolence had a manifest purpose, who wanted cheap production and unrestricted competition in the labour market for their private profit, and who could not have subordinated the interest of the nation to their own in politics if they had not been able to act under cover of more imposing preachers.

Mr. F. E. Smith sees the magnitude of the political problem before us. Our social system has to be rebuilt.

* *Unionist Policy and Other Essays*. By the Right Hon. F. E. SMITH, K.C., M.P. (Williams and Norgate. 5s. net.)

The Individualist school and the policy of *laissez-faire* have absolutely failed:—

The first contention of the individualist school is, of course, that a policy of *laissez-faire* leads to the elimination of the unfit and the growth of a sounder and more vigorous population. One can only ask, does it? An examination of our great industrial centres and of the relative birth-rate of the more successful and the less successful classes would satisfy any medical authority that if present-day Britain is to be the test of the Spencerian doctrines, something is wrong with the sage's view. Of course, it is possible to reply that the unfit have not been allowed to die off, but this very reply forces one to realise the effects of the half-hearted application of the Individualist doctrine in home as in foreign affairs. People have not been compelled to die of starvation, legally, since Tudor times, and by custom and practice were not for ages before those times. Is our policy to be the starvation of the unfit? If not, all that *laissez-faire* leads to is the multiplication of the dregs of society, whose increasing numbers have to be supported by the wage-earning and profit-earning members of the community. In other words, the nation pays for these dregs in its workhouses, its prisons, its infirmaries, its lunatic asylums, its industrial schools, its outdoor relief. It pays, too, in extreme reckoning, for its absolute Poor Law system, its low, casual-labour wages, its sweated industries, its bad housing and sanitary conditions, its deficient educational method and its general lack of power to provide a coherent arrangement of social regulations. If one added up the total amount of local and Imperial expenditure which goes to the objects and institutions mentioned, and could imagine the nation freed of two-thirds of these burdens by a policy of Social Reform undertaken twenty years ago, I do not think the Exchequer would have shown a deficit on the transaction, while the nation would have shown an incomparable gain in health, efficiency and political content.

For the rebuilding of our social system there are three main plans before the public—the Unionist, the Radical, and the Socialist. The writer has had a fairly close acquaintance with the Socialist movement for some years, and he would be the last to belittle the keen sympathy with the poor, the consuming zeal for the betterment of their lot, and the patient forging of statistical and economic weapons which stand to the credit of many Socialists. But time has not dealt gently with their doctrine. There are many Socialist sects, and they quarrel vigorously and abusively, but there is a unity underlying their differences. They all base their ethics and their right to revolutionise society at the expense *beatorum possidentium* on two principles—that labour is the source of all wealth, and to labour all wealth is due (*i.e.*, rightly payable), and that private ownership debars the operative classes from anything better than a disinherited state, usually described as "wage-slavery." The former principle is in one sense a truism and in another an untruth. Manifestly the application of human abilities to the resources of nature is the source

of all the wealth that nature does not directly supply. And in this truism—which leads nowhere, but leaves every sociological problem open—the Socialist is prone to take refuge when he is pressed. But when on his own ground, addressing a congenial audience, he gives his principle another turn; then it is the working class, in the common acceptance of the term, that creates all wealth. This is plainly false, as anyone may see who reflects on the relation of science to industry and of ideas and ideals to civilisation. The other Socialist principle would have a better claim to respect if Socialists showed willingness to act upon it. On the hypothesis that the vampire capitalist and the shareholding ogres keep the working man out of his heritage and drive him from prosperity, the proper policy for the organised working class is to dispense with the vampire capitalists and the shareholding ogres, acquire mines and mills, as they very well could, and work them without paying a penny of tribute to the oppressor. Socialists do not advocate this method; trade unions do not embark upon such enterprise. Why? Anyone who desires to study the answer to the question should consider the scale of wages paid by that vast organisation of working folk, the Co-operative Wholesale Society, to its employees; he will not find it very difficult to draw his own conclusions.

The Liberal plan of reconstruction is a hotch-potch. It is of necessity a combination of the principles—*pugnancia secum*—of Mr. Lloyd George and the late Sir William Harcourt. The Liberalism of the 'seventies still survives; it is no longer sturdy and clamorous, but it is quiet and stubborn, and cannot be ignored by the constructors of Liberal programmes. Sir William Harcourt was an Individualist; let the State stand aside, let the sharper man get the full advantage of his craft in the market. Many wealthy Liberals made their fortunes under that system. They were not Socialists, and their prosperous descendants are not Socialists. The Liberal Party is much indebted to this section of its members, and there is said to be a connection between gratitude and the expectation of future favours. Mr. Lloyd George is a professed admirer of Socialism. Socialists complain that his admiration has prompted him to steal their political raiment. But he cannot direct the manœuvres and the oratory that he loves against the munificent commercial and industrial supporters of his party. There is nothing for it but to attack the landowner, who is not a conspicuous worshipper in the Liberal tabernacle. But the attack is not guided by any coherent principle or consistent plan. You cannot Harcourt George and you cannot George the Harcourt tradition. There is more or less of the Single Tax doctrine in the Liberal hotch-potch; more or less of the *laissez-faire* policy; more or less

Socialism; a dash of the class war and a flavour of the old self-help worship, with floating remnants of Gladstonian programmes.

The Unionist plan is based upon the national character, and reverts to this country's ancient ideal of combining reasonable Security with reasonable Opportunity.

The essence of Tory Social Reform is the study of the real aptitudes of the people. It is precisely here that Individualism and Socialism alike fail. Humanity is composed neither of men struggling to arrive at all costs nor of men ready to sacrifice anything and everything to a common end. Nor, to put the matter in a more concrete form, does the race consist entirely of individuals ready to gamble their chances on the wheel of fortune and to risk all in order to better their conditions and position. On the contrary, most individuals tread in the accustomed paths, and demand of life that it shall give them security and prosperity in the state to which it has pleased God to call them. . . . It is possible to devise a scheme by which nine men out of ten can get the security they want and the tenth man the opportunity he desires. But this can certainly not be attained by the doctrinaires of the Individualist or Socialist creeds. It can only be attained by a party which is ready to deal with facts as it finds them, and to construct its social programme not on the air of wordy doctrine, but on the facts of life as they are. Security of tenure in all classes of life where such tenure is not a national evil: that is the doctrine of Toryism. Opportunity for talent to develop its own potentialities, and the resources of the nation where such a development is to the advantage of the State: that is the doctrine of Toryism. Security to those who need it, opportunity to those who desire it, on what better foundation can the State of the future be built?

That, also, is the Beaconsfield tradition, as Mr. F. E. Smith shows. Disraeli could not have his way when he would have saved society from the evils which we have inherited from those who learned in the Manchester School and the philosophical Radical Academy. Partly he was overborne by his political adversaries, partly he was defeated by that opinionated sect in the Tory Party—we know their grandchildren to-day—who revere the past, not for what is good, vital, promising, well evolved in it, but because it is the past; the people who want to let ill and well alone, and who foster the fruit and the fungus with equal regard. Picturesque figures, worthy human impediments, it is unfortunate that they cannot take their place in the part which appeals to them so commandingly.

We have dealt with Mr. F. E. Smith's main theme, which appears to us to be of paramount importance. But Unionists who wish to see the case of their party on Home Rule, Disestablishment, Tariff Reform, Licensing Policy, and the other issues of the day presented with wisdom and vivacity cannot do better than seek satisfaction in the pages under review.

The Old Woman

BY R. A. J. WALLING.

WE were in search of an antiquity of other sort when we encountered *an hini gos*—"the old woman." Ker-Jean, the farmstead of Raoul Rouffignac, is not far from the Chapel of Tears, the goal of our pilgrimage.

We entered his gates amid a barking of his dogs and a clattering of his scared poultry. We desperately alarmed his children, who had never before seen such an apparition at Ker-Jean as English visitors. But Raoul received us with the invariable fine and sober courtesy of his race, and ushered us into his great room.

It was there we saw *an hini gos*, seated in the corner of the hearth. And when we had looked upon her, we forgot our quest of the Chapel of Tears.

The great room of Ker-Jean occupied all the ground-floor space. Forty people would not have crowded it. Along the dead wall opposite the windows were the dark oak panels that concealed four sleeping places—the inevitable *lits clos* of the Breton farmhouse. The ceiling was high, with naked rafters stained by the smoke of two centuries. From the rafters hung the winter provender of Raoul's household—cured sides of bacon, huge grey sausages—looking as if they had been cased in leather—bags of meal. The ceiling of Raoul's grand room was an epitome of Breton domestic economy. The floor was of beaten earth, and, in this dry weather, was covered with half an inch of powdery dust that curled in little clouds about your feet as you stepped. Raoul and his great son, with minute clay pipes stuck in the corners of their mouths, found the dust an amenity rather than an annoyance, since they used the floor as a spittoon.

There was a deeply recessed window, and in the alcove thus formed the kitchen table stood, with a wooden settle on each side of it. Not a chair was in the place. But on the hearth—a wonderful hearth, reaching almost to the rafters and six feet deep, were two three-legged stools. A fire of brushwood and peat smouldered up into thick blue smoke under a crock hung upon chains.

And on one of the three-legged stools beside the crock sat *an hini gos*.

An hini gos was indescribable. Indescribably old—old as the leech-gatherer on the moor. Indescribably impassive, immovable, inscrutable, recalling now the Sublime Mystery of the desert-world, now some silent Buddha dominating an Eastern temple, and anon transporting the fancy to the realm of the Sibylline myth. *An hini gos* was dressed in the costume of a Bretonne—the sabots, the ample bunch of rusty black skirts, the

shawl, the sun-bleached coif, tight-fitting and almost indistinguishable from her hair, which the years had blanched to an equal whiteness. Her gnarled and skinny hands were folded on her lap. Her face was a yellow mask, hardly wrinkled, but dry, of the texture of parchment, and stretched upon the bones of her skull, revealing every feature of its structure.

Old, old!—old as the rafters above her, she seemed. But Sphinx, Buddha, Sibyl—all are ineffective figures to convey a picture of *an hini gos*.

For Sphinx and Buddha we know only in wood and stone, and their sculptors were no more successful than other sculptors in endowing them with eyes. The Sibyls we know only in books. And *an hini gos*, the shrivelled, impassive, silent, motionless being, sitting on the three-legged stool in the great room of Ker-Jean, *an hini gos* had eyes—eyes of a light blue, seeing eyes, expressive, mysterious eyes, eyes with a wicked twinkle in them, eyes which followed you without moving, comprehended you without searching, penetrated you, frightened you, remained with you after you had left her, will remain with you till the day of your death.

Think of some mediæval Pope, possessing the innermost secrets of many men's souls, filled with the wisdom of the natural world and wielding the supernal powers, an infallible, omnipotent king of visible Christendom: such an expression of cynic scorn for human weakness he may have worn. Think of some Hecate in repose, contemplating the coming night's work, the infernal spirits she will summon to your undoing, the journey she will make in the underworld with her familiars, the tombstones whereon she will feast. When dogs howl in the darkness by-and-by, you will see a vision of *an hini gos* abroad, and pull the bedclothes over your head. Think of some Witch of Endor beside her cauldron, waiting patiently for her spells to brew, and you will always recall *an hini gos* in the hearth-place of Ker-Jean beside the crock of Madame Rouffignac, her great-grand-daughter.

The yellow eyelids blinked over the light blue eyes at rare intervals, and wiped the peat-smoke from them. But there was no other movement, and *an hini gos* spoke no word. From the moment when we saw her, she obsessed us. Monsieur Raoul, the *propriétaire* of Ker-Jean, and his great son, and his wife, and their young children, seemed unreal, fantastic, superficial, evanescent. They were the passing phantoms of a day. The real, the lasting, the eternal was the blue, mocking eye of *an hini gos*.

Did one turn to speak to the housewife, to accept the basin of milk she proffered with such courtesy? He felt the eyes of *an hini gos* piercing his back. Did one lean across the table to refuse with a smile the roll of pancake offered to him by a chubby young Raoul of five? He felt the eyes of *an hini gos* satirising his politeness and curdling his milk of human kindness.

Old, old woman! A hundred years and twelve, Monsieur Raoul said: certainly that, and probably more—his great-grandmother. She had lived all her years at Ker-Jean. On a few feast days she had gone as far afield as Morlaix. But, what would you? Monsieur must pardon her if she seemed stupid, for she knew no French, and, further, she was very deaf, *la grandmère*.

And one looked with pity at that *gros bonhomme* Raoul, who was so dense as to think this wonderful *hini gos* stupid because she was a hundred and twelve and deaf and had lived all her life at Ker-Jean. In that bright eye, with its omniscient saturnity, was something that could never have been acquired by journeying. It was something that could only be got by living and observing.

There is an old age in which the fires are burnt out, when senility stares dully through the glazed eyes of those who have exhausted the forces of life by a strenuous curiosity and a restless activity. It is pitiful. There is an old age in which the fires remain, for they have not consumed themselves, and there the eyes shine with an inward glow, illuminated by the cynical wisdom of objective experience. That is the old age of *an hini gos*. It is terrible.

REVIEWS

The Re-union of Christendom

The Church and Religious Unity. By the Rev. HERBERT KELLY. (Longmans and Co. 4s. 6d.)

Appeal for Unity in the Faith. By the Rev. JOHN PHELAN. (Donohue and Co. Chicago. 4s. net.)

The Open Sore of Christendom. By the Rev. W. J. SEXTON. (J. and J. Bennett. 2s. 6d. net.)

ALTHOUGH some commercial minds may talk of the advantages of religious competition, most Christian men are agreed that disunion is a serious evil. The results of the historic dismemberment of Christendom are obvious. Protestant separations have produced constant sub-division, and the production of hundreds of sects. In the three books now before us, we have the earnest pleadings of spiritual men for the re-union of Christendom. But not one of the writers seems to grasp the primary cause of religious intolerance. To the philosopher or the agnostic it appears simply inane that men who accept belief in God and Christ should quarrel about modes of belief, or details of ritual observance. Mr. Kelly alleges that "the immediate root of our disunion lies obviously enough in difference of character or temperament." This seems superficial. For such diversities have always existed—now, as in the ages when the Church was formally united. What factors then have produced the extraordinary interest which Christians take, not so much in each other's conduct, as

in their beliefs? Assurance of salvation coupled with assurance of damnation. "I am right and shall be saved." "You are wrong, you shall be damned." This ancient conception of eternal damnation has for centuries enthralled men's minds. Leaving out for the moment the political factor of persecution as a defensive measure, it led to the hot fires of Mary's reign, the cold-blooded murders of Romanists by Elizabeth, and the awful tortures of the Inquisition, and of Nuremberg.

However enlightened we may think we are, Christianity is to-day divided into a sort of latent agnosticism, a small esoteric camp, on the one hand; and, on the other, the great body of those who still hold the mediæval doctrine of assurance. It is true that the Christian attitude towards non-Christian and heathen demands at least assurance of salvation. That is necessary for the propagation of Christianity and the profession of faith.

Political emancipation came in the nineteenth century, and, in theory, at least, the State grants freedom. But in religion, there came another turn of the wheel. First of all, Churchmen were intolerant of the Methodist movement, and then, with the rise of Tractarianism, one party in the Church cruelly persecuted another. This was really due to an insane dread of Romanism—a form of mania which still grips, perhaps, three-fourths of the English-speaking world. It is not really surprising, when we reflect that three hundred years of preaching that Roman Catholics were eternally damned was bound to get on the nerves of every generation. So the spirit of persecution and of intolerance still survives; and, we are bound to add, painful though the reflection may be to some, that active persecution now is mainly directed against Catholics so-called, be they Anglican or Roman. These things being so, the prospect of re-union seems nebulous enough. And we have thus approached the question, because the main idea which actuates Mr. Kelly is the hope of reconciliation between Anglicans and Protestant Dissenters.

Mr. Kelly's method is curious. He is unnecessarily apologetic about the failings and shortcomings of the Anglican Church. To insist on negative defects may be to throw a sop to sentimentalism and carping criticism, but it is scarcely attractive, if the desire be to win men over. Statement of positive gain and advantage (spiritually), would seem more powerful. Again, with the greatest respect for the author's earnestness of motive and purpose, we cannot help feeling, as we read his work, that there is too much of himself, his emotions, his feelings, and his nervous sensitiveness. From one aspect, much of his book is almost a spiritual and emotional autobiography. In itself that might be well enough. But his attitude thus becomes too personal for so great and wide a problem, and has a tendency to defeat his own end. Then he is often far too diffuse and discursive on questions which are but indirectly germane to the chief points. Many long passages are too like sermons in style and matter. Some chapters might do well as addresses to Clergy only—in Retreat. We regret to say that we are doubtful of their effect on the average lay-

man, even on the supposition that he possessed the patience to read them.

Some vital points of difference seem to us to be either overlooked or too lightly treated. For example, Mr. Kelly thinks that "the distinctive spirit of modern non-Conformity is the spirit or ideal of freedom." Is it not rather a spirit of antagonism to that moral and sociological discipline which is the very heart of the corporate life of the Church Catholic? The social difficulty in England is one which doubtless Mr. Kelly cordially dislikes. But it exists and cannot be ignored. Another great barrier, long ago pointed out by Bishop Stubbs, of Oxford, is this: The average Dissenter seems strangely lacking in historical sense, and is quite unable to appreciate the historical position of the Church of England. This is obvious to anyone who has read historical works written by non-Conformists. As to definite suggestions for re-union, Mr. Kelly can hardly be said to offer anything further than the obvious inference that we should get to understand each other better, and that then, perhaps, Dissenters might be persuaded to believe that the Church had something to give spiritually and sacramentally, and that it was worth their while to accept. Now this is exactly what is happening in individual cases. But it is never likely to happen in the mass, despite all academic or even earnest resolutions of conferences, whether missionary, or provincial, or diocesan, or even Pan-Anglican at Lambeth itself.

We turn from Mr. Kelly's nervous and apologetic style to a work of very different stamp. There is something refreshing, however much we disagree, in absolute conviction and dogmatism. Of these virile qualities there is no lack in Father Phelan's book. Like Mr. Kelly, he is an eager enthusiast for religious unity. But he is an enthusiast of the conquering type, who would rush you into sharing his convictions. Having said this, it will be understood that he naturally holds a brief for his own Church, and that he simply appeals to other Christians, particularly in America and in England "to return to the Unity of the Faith."

But his passionate appeal is somewhat marred by controversy and slipshod history. In their attitude towards the Anglican Church, Romanists, and extreme Protestants take a precisely similar view. Father Phelan and Froude join hands. Neither will allow the continuity of the English Church, which is, they allege, a brand-new Church established and set up in the sixteenth century. There are several supposed founders of this "new Church": Henry VIII., Cranmer, Parliament, Archbishop Parker, or Queen Elizabeth. Father Phelan adopts the first-named, though with grim humour he refers throughout his book to the "Ecclesia Elizabethana." He is unable to see that, while the English nation may be Protestant in a political sense, the Anglican Church is Catholic, and an integral part of the Catholic Church. He also omits to mention that the King undertakes to defend the Catholic Faith, which is the teaching of the formularies, canons, and Prayer Book of the Church of England, in which the word Protestant does not occur; though the Anglican Church certainly pro-

tests against the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome, and some points of novel Roman doctrine.

The importance of a work like this is, first, in its avowal of the uncompromising attitude of the Roman Church, and, secondly, in its witness to the fact that historians of the old school, Protestant writers generally, and many modern newspapers, defeat their own purpose and merely help Roman controversialists, when they deny the continuity of the Anglican Church as an integral part of the Church Catholic.

Mr. Sexton's book is an excellent account of the growth of divisions and the multiplication of Separatist sects, chiefly since the Reformation Period. A very significant list of over four hundred Protestant sects or denominations is given—an instructive commentary in itself on what is paradoxically called undenominationalism. There is an interesting discussion of what is called the Lambeth Conference *Quadrilateral*, or, the four essentials of Unity. They are Holy Scripture, the Catholic Creeds, the two Sacraments, and the historic Episcopate. The chief merit of Mr. Sexton's book lies in its careful presentation of historical facts relative to separation and division, down to our own time, including an account of such overtures towards union as have recently been made. It is an excellent guide to the whole question.

Generally speaking, all these writers consider that there is a movement in Christendom towards unity. But their outlook is confined mainly to the English-speaking world. Nothing, for example, is said of Germany and Scandinavia. Very little of the Eastern Church. But taking their own ground simply, the question resolves itself into this:—

The Roman Catholic Church will not give up the supremacy of the Pope and the Seven Sacraments. The Anglican Church will not accept infallibility, nor give up the historic Episcopate and Two Sacraments. Protestant Dissenters will not accept either Pope, Bishops, or Sacraments in the Catholic sense. Here is an *impasse* which no amount of general proposals is likely to overcome. There must be surrender. And the only likely surrender is that of individuals. Absorption seems to us the only solution; but we decline to offer any opinion as to its direction. One point all these writers have entirely overlooked. It is this. In the early centuries, when the Church is supposed by some to have been united, divisions were numerous. Lecky has pointed out that St. Augustine reckoned eighty-eight sects as existing in his time.

And he adds that "these sects into which Christianity speedily divided, hated one another with an intensity that extorted the wonder of Julian, and the ridicule of the Pagans of Alexandria. And the fierce riots and persecutions that hatred produced, appear in every page of ecclesiastical history."

In face of the facts of the history of Christendom, ancient and modern, it is difficult, we fear, to feel optimistic about prospects of re-union.

P. A. M. S.

Forster and Dickens

John Forster and His Friendships. By RICHARD RENTON.
With Portraits. (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. RENTON has performed a difficult task well, with marked sympathy, and a quiet enthusiasm and reverence for his subject that will please all Dickensians. He writes: "Forster's mission seems to have largely been, to be of use to his friends, whenever and wherever their individual interests appeared to demand it." Forster was domineering and argumentative, a despot in his own home; but, in spite of certain aggressive mannerisms, there was something about him that compelled friendship. If there is any truth in the old adage, "A man is known by the company he keeps," then Forster, who had a genius for keeping the very best company, must be a man of considerable character. He included among his friends Dickens, Lamb, Ainsworth, Carlyle, Browning, Macready, and Bulwer Lytton. Though Mr. Renton has done his best for Forster in these sympathetic pages, the fact remains that this Northumbrian giant has been, and always will be, overshadowed by his illustrious friendships, and especially by his friend Dickens.

Boswell's "Life of Johnson" is the greatest biography in the language. The Doctor and his biographer are almost interchangeable terms. We cannot think of one without the other. We do not remember Johnson by his "Rasselas," "Lives of the Poets," or by his Dictionary and *Rambler*. Boswell, by his intimate portrait of his master, has made the Doctor live for all time. But this is scarcely the case with Dickens and Forster. Dickens would have been a household word without his friend's biography. Forster's "Life of Dickens" by no means satisfies the average Dickensian. The ideal life of this most humanitarian of writers remains to be written, and in all probability it will never be penned. Forster was a journalist rather than a man of letters, and his happy pastime of making innumerable distinguished friendships may in some measure have accounted for his failure to present one, that of the author of "David Copperfield," with anything like satisfying completeness. Forster's strong and dominating character was not of the kind to take a sufficiently subordinate place, and too often in his "Life of Dickens" he presents the picture of his master by painting in his own characteristics. But though the "Life" has its defects, the memory of Forster will ever be associated with this work, greater in its subject rather than in its treatment.

Those were joyous days when Dickens, Forster, and Harrison Ainsworth rode together to Hampstead Heath on pleasure bent and in a true convivial spirit. The trio enjoyed frequent dinings and festivities together, and, as Dickens has immortalised food and drink, we have good reason to believe that these genial companions did full justice to the meals provided for them. What a delightful dinner that must have been in celebration of the completion of "Pickwick," "when the *pièce de*

résistance was a glittering temple of confectionery, beneath the canopy of which stood a little figure of Mr. Pickwick, gaiters and all complete." Scarcely less memorable was the occasion when Dickens and his friends met William and David Grant, benevolent Manchester merchants, who were the originals of the lovable Cheeryble Brothers.

Of the visit to Cornwall, when Maclise and Stanfield took the place of Ainsworth, Dickens writes: "Seriously, I do believe there never was such a trip; while, as for Mac and Stanfield, they made such sketches, those two men, in the most romantic of our halting-places, that you would have sworn we had the Spirit of Beauty with us, as well as the Spirit of Fun." We should like to have seen Forster on the Logan Stone, or standing on the very summit of the Castle of St. Michael's. These scenes must have been highly diverting, but not so whimsical as the thought of the creator of Sam Weller, Mrs. Gamp, Mr. Winkle, and the Fat Boy thinking about King Arthur as he stood upon Tintagel! Mr. Renton informs us that Dickens took this trip because he desired to depict the opening of "Martin Chuzzlewit" in a Cornish setting, "instead of the Wiltshire village of the published story." Dickens and Cornwall (with the exception of "Barry Cornwall"), are incompatible.

When Forster married Henry Colburn's widow, Dickens writes to a member of his family: "I have the most prodigious, overwhelming, crushing, astounding, blinding, deafening, pulverising, scarifying secret, of which Forster is the hero, imaginable by the whole efforts of the whole British population. It is a thing of the kind that, after I knew it (from himself) this morning, I lay down flat, as if an engine and tender had fallen upon me."

Frith refused to paint Dickens's portrait because he very strongly objected to the author's moustache; but, as Dickens would not consent to shave it off, the artist withdrew his objection and the portrait was completed. Dickens writes: "If any friends don't like my looks, I am not at all anxious for them to waste their time in studying them; and as to Frith, he would surely prefer to save himself the trouble of painting features which are so difficult as a mouth and chin. Besides, I have been told by some of my friends that they highly approve of the change, because *they now see less of me.*"

This excellent volume concludes with an interesting account of the Forster bequest to the nation. Mr. Renton laments, and with very good reason, that few are aware of the Forster Collection to be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington. "I have often noticed," he writes, "for days together, and when working in the Forster Library, nothing but a waste of unoccupied desks." And yet in that room are literary and artistic treasures that should make the bookman's heart rejoice. He will find Browning's manuscript of "Paracelsus" and "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," first editions of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" and Shakespeare's "Richard III," and a copy of "Gulliver" containing "several interesting passages, mostly in the voyage

to Laputa, which have never yet been given to the world." Dickensians will discover the correspondence of their master, and fifteen manuscripts of his novels, from "Oliver Twist" to "Edwin Drood."

British Lighthouses

British Lighthouses: Their History and Romance. By J. SAXBY WRYDE. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

ONLY the storm-tossed traveller, homeward bound after many years' exile, can fully appreciate what it means when he sees the flash of the Eddystone light and knows that at last he is nearing England, home, and beauty. A book carefully compiled, giving an account of our lighthouses and sea marks, furnishes very interesting reading, and traces the gradual growth of the warning signal from the wood fire in a cresset to the electric arc of millions of candle power.

The first regularly maintained lighthouse appears to have been at Sigeum, now Cape Incihisari, in the Troad, of which the Greek poet Lesches makes mention, 660 B.C. So far as England is concerned, the revival of the shipping industry under the fostering care of Henry VII naturally resulted in beacon-lights becoming necessary. The Corporation of the Trinity House of Deptford Strond—pilots chiefly—was granted a charter by Henry VIII, and the rise of the fortunes of this admirable Society is given at length. Our old friend Pepys was once Master of the Trinity House, and we read in his Diary—that wonderful notebook of the period—that on June 4, 1662, he was at Trinity House—

where we treated, very dearly I believe, the officers of the Ordnance and had much and good music.

The grant of patents for lighthouses by Charles to his friends caused very large sums to be paid when the Trinity House finally acquired the lights. These patents included a right to levy dues, and in some cases hundreds of thousands of pounds had to be paid for redemption of the rights.

The work of the Trinity House of to-day is set forth and justly praised. Lighthouses all round the coasts of England and Scotland are noticed in an imaginary voyage, and the building of many of them is described. Lightships and buoys, all forming part of the great protective service, with their distinctive lights and sounds, form the subjects of other chapters, followed by one on wrecks and wreckers, and another on lifeboats. It seems to us that the lifeboat service of a country should form part of the lighthouse scheme, and should not be dependent upon a voluntary organisation and the contributions of the charitable.

The Board of Trade maintain rocket life-saving stations at dangerous places, manned by the Coast-guard; but lighthouses, beacons, life-saving apparatus and lifeboats appear to us to be all so interwoven, all forming parts of one great service for the guidance and protection of our shipping, that we cannot understand the reason of the necessity of three or more organisa-

tions. Of course, these remarks are in no sense a disparagement of the voluntary and good work done by the Lifeboat Institution.

Valuable appendices make the volume a complete history of the subject, and the photographs and reproductions of old pictures are excellent; but the charts of the coasts are very badly done and unworthy of the book.

France, it appears, possesses one light for every 5.5 miles of coastline, and the United Kingdom one for every 16.4 miles. Our Royal Commissioners are, however, quite satisfied that the lighting of the coasts of these islands is as good if not better than that of any other country. The grant to the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House of the title of Captain, gazetted on Christmas Eve last, brings the book quite up to date.

Greece of the Twentieth Century

Greece of the Twentieth Century. By PERCY F. MARTIN, F.R.G.S. With a Preface by Professor ANDRÉ ANDREADES. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.)

THE Greece described in these pages is not the Greece beloved of Keats. Mr. Martin, apart from an account of a certain glorious Greek night when he could almost fancy that he heard the voice of Apollo and saw the Muses, is concerned with statistics, and not with the poetry of a country's gods and heroes. In the volume before us he deals with every phase of present-day life in the Hellenic Kingdom, and especially from an economic and financial standpoint. It is the most comprehensive book of its kind, and is encyclopædic in its information. It is worth while observing on the authority of Professor André Andréades, Professor of Public Finance and of Statistics at the University of Athens, that the author has not been content to present the figures and observations of others. He has collected his material at first-hand, and been at pains to consult the heads of each department in the country he is writing about. His work is essentially up-to-date, and he even records the final orders passed in naval construction by the new Minister of Marine as recently as July, 1912. The volume went to press while Greece was engaged with her old enemy Turkey, so that apart from an "afterword" Greece's latest war and its result are not of necessity dealt with.

It has too often been stated that Greece is a backward nation, that she does not show the progress of such countries as Italy, Austria, and Roumania. We are apt to forget that these three countries have not "suffered one tithe of the exactions, the persecutions, or the destruction which were the unhappy lot of Greece at the hands of the barbarous Turk." Remembering that the Mussulman laid waste the country, having destroyed every vestige of cultivation and vegetation, and remembering, too, that that same malicious hand had scarcely left one house intact, the wonder is, as Mr. Martin observes, "that this small but yet vigorous State should have made any industrial progress at all." Greece has had

to build and to cultivate anew, and she has performed her self-sacrificing feat of restoration without assistance from a foreign Power. Mr. Martin writes: "History contains few greater object-lessons, nor any more pathetic in intensity of purpose, than this persecuted but indomitable nation of heroic tradition, shattered and dispersed as it was after several decades of desperate struggles for freedom, combining with one mind and with one will to rebuild its ruined habitations, and to restore to the fatherland some semblance of its former greatness. All honour to those who yielded up their lives, to those others who devoted their fortunes gained by honest toil in foreign lands, to those who remitted to the country of their birth every cent which could be spared from their hard-earned wages in distant lands. If the Greeks had done nothing but this to show their patriotism, they would have earned a large share of the world's esteem."

Mr. Martin is optimistic in regard to the future of Greece, but it is very far from being a blind, unreasoning optimism. None could have studied her financial status more carefully, or more thoroughly investigated her resources. He sees unmistakable advance in every direction, and writes: "My firm conviction, arrived at after very careful and systematic study of the country's conditions, and of the temperament of the people, is that just as Greece enjoyed a glorious progress in the past, and is going through a slow but encouraging evolution in the present, so will she realise her reasonable aspirations in the future. Checks, reverses she may be yet called upon to meet, and doubtless some disappointments in the years to come, yet none among them probably in any way comparable to what have been experienced and overcome in times gone by." Mr. Martin is not in favour of carrying Hellenism into new lands. He writes: "I look to the great concentration of the people within the limits of their own country." In order to make this concentration possible, the author thinks it advisable for Greeks to return from the United States "to their own fair lands, where their labour is necessary in order to bring to full fruition the bountiful produce which Nature offers in return for the most modest attempt to cultivate the soil."

It is only possible to denote a few of the subjects dealt with in this exhaustive work. After describing the physical features of the country, Mr. Martin devotes separate chapters to the Royal Family, Cabinet, Government departments, diplomatic corps, army, navy, finance, education, shipping, etc. Two chapters are devoted to Athens, while three are written concerning agriculture and railways respectively. The volume is dedicated "To His Majesty George, King of the Hellenes, under whose wise, prudent, and beneficial reign, of nearly fifty years, Greece has grown to unity, independence, and prosperity." Perhaps it is too much to expect the average reader to transfer his love of classic Greece to the Greece of to-day, but, nevertheless, this excellent volume will do much to impart information concerning the Hellenic Kingdom of the twentieth century even to those who are most prone to linger round Olympus, and to love her gods rather than the latest statistics.

A Masterpiece of South American History

Latin America: Its Rise and Progress. By F. GARCIA CALDERON. With a Preface by RAYMOND POINCARÉ. Translated by BERNARD MIALL. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

IN a brilliant preface to a very notable work, M. Poincaré, the new President of France, asserts that this book should be read and digested by everyone interested in the future of the Latin genius. A first glance at the volume will convince the reader of this, and a deeper poring into its pages will reveal a work which is monumental in its scope, and distinguished to an altogether unusual extent, for it gives evidence of profound study and clear insight into the affairs of the great southern continent which is now taking its place in the van of progress.

Señor Garcia Calderon, a Peruvian, has proved himself by this work an historian whose name is destined to live. Although himself a son of the land which was once the senior of the South American Spanish viceroyalties, he has not allowed his nationality to interfere in the least with a frank expression of his views. Indeed, he surveys his own country, and South America in general, with a keen and analytic detachment scarcely to be expected from one, however deep his studies, so directly concerned. M. Poincaré, in his preface, justly says that "from beginning to end of this book we hear the rallying cry of the Latin Republics." Certainly, it never seems to have sounded so clearly; yet the form in which it is couched is altogether deliberate and reasonable, cultured, moreover, to a degree which is extraordinarily welcome in these days. The author has a wealth of drama at his hands; he shirks nothing, but handles every feature with an admirable restraint and power. Here, for instance, are a few sentences taken at hazard, which will emphasise his methods:—

It is hardly possible to determine the historical moment at which these republics passed from the military to the industrial system. The twilight of the *caudillos* was a long one. Even in the Argentine, where the economic life is magnificent and complex, their influence persists. In Peru, Bolivia, and Brazil there exists a latent militarism which might quickly destroy the work of the civil presidents. For ten years in Peru and Uruguay and Bolivia government has followed government without revolutionary violence, but can we say that the anarchy of fifty years has disappeared for ever? The political order is slowly becoming assured, and the relation between wealth and the increase of immigration and of peace is obvious. Even in the industrial field evolution is the work of a few *caudillos* who have been pacificators: General Pando in Bolivia, General Roca in the Argentine, Pierola in Peru, and Battley Ordoñez in Uruguay, not to speak of the greatest of all Porfirio Diaz.

But it is not fair to quote such chance fragments from such a work as this. As we have said, it is one that can

scarcely fail to endure, for Señor Calderon has brought to bear not only his profound understanding of the Southern Continent, but his knowledge of European philosophy and philosophers, which in itself attains a range that is quite exceptional.

Señor Calderon is a staunch South American; he deals undauntedly with the racial problems, and points out the perils—German, North American, and Japanese—of which he foresees the possibility. He delves deeply into the literature of the continent, and has an absorbing chapter on its future.

The work originally appeared in French; its translation has been ably effected, as these closing lines of the volume will show:—

If in a Europe dominated by Slavs and Germans the peoples of the Mediterranean were forced to withdraw in painful exodus towards the blue sea peopled by the Greek islands and symbols as old as the world, it is probable that the ancient myth would be realised anew, and that the torch which bears the ideal of Latin civilisation would pass from Paris to Buenos-Ayres or Rio de Janeiro, as it passed from Rome to Paris in the modern epoch, or from Greece to Rome in the classic period. America to-day, desert and divided, would save the culture of France and Italy, the heritage of the Revolution and the Renaissance, and would thus have justified to the utmost the fortunate audacity of Christopher Columbus.

Here, if you like, is the rallying-cry of Latin America. Students of this continent are to be congratulated on the opportunity of perusing a volume such as this.

Lord Burghersh and Foreign Politics

Correspondence of Lord Burghersh, 1800-1840. Edited by His Granddaughter, RACHEL WEIGALL. Illustrated. (John Murray. 12s. net.)

IT cannot be said that these deeply interesting letters reveal to us anything of importance that was not thoroughly well known to students of the period long ago, but, on the other hand, while specialists will be glad to have them as throwing additional light on a number of events of more or less gravity, and as indicating the feelings prevalent in Governmental circles during the thirty years they cover, less well-informed readers will welcome them as a reminder of or an introduction to the story of a crisis in European history, whose results have not yet disappeared. Nor will it be unwelcome to many to be reminded how the only son of his father, heir to an ancient peerage, devoted himself from youth to the service of his country, first as a soldier, and later as a diplomatic agent, and, in due course, ambassador—service willingly rendered, and not always ungrudgingly acknowledged.

The editor's part in this volume has been comparatively small, but small as it is, it is essential to a proper understanding of the value of the letters. It consists of a short historical introduction to each chapter and notes

identifying the persons mentioned in the letters. According to the custom of the times Lord Burghersh's commission as an ensign had been antedated some months before its signature, when the inquiry into the irregularities attending the grant of commissions under the Duke of York resulted in a stricter enforcement of the periods of service necessary to qualify for promotion. Lord Burghersh, though entirely unconnected with the scandals, lost his commission as Lieut.-Colonel, and was reduced to the rank of Captain, in which he served during the Peninsula War, thus being cut off from the opportunity of command for which his previous studies had so well fitted him. In 1813 he was appointed British Commissioner at the headquarters of the Austrian Army, and next year followed the allied armies under Schwartzberg and Blücher in their invasion of France (his letters from the army were published in 1822). In the latter part of 1814 he was appointed Minister at Florence, and his correspondence is peculiarly interesting just then, as the British Commissioner at Elba, where Napoleon was interned, was under orders to report to him. A matter of still greater importance in its ultimate results was the fate of Murat, at that time King of Naples. At the Congress of Vienna, Austria supported Murat, while England declined to recognise him. Though no actual hostilities took place, Murat's threatened invasion of the Papal States kept Italy in a turmoil, and facilitated the intrigues of Napoleon. The letters give us a lively picture of the state of mind in which the news of Napoleon's escape was received, and of the confusion which followed the campaign of Waterloo. But it is on Italian politics that the chief interest of the letters depends—the fall of Murat, the growth of the secret societies, and the *Carbonari* which followed, the Constitutions of Ferdinand, and the intervention of Austria, which laid the first real foundations of the demand for Italian unity. All these are recounted in the letters and underlined by the editor.

The question of Italian unity has been solved for nearly half a century, and we are still watching eagerly the gradual unravelling of another problem in which Lord Burghersh took his part—the eternal Eastern Question. It is pleasant to think that the enmity and jealousy between France and this country, which contributed so much to the entanglement of this question, has now died down, and that England can be at Suez without arousing the susceptibilities of our neighbour.

The old feeling—half-fear, half-hatred—with which the English mingled their admiration of France has died out, and we have come to recognise their better qualities, as we have always recognised the "force and vitality in the country" which Wellington feared to arouse again in favour of revolution. Of the many side-lights on the life and manners of the time we need not speak, nor of the care which editor and publisher have expended in making this handsome volume worthy of its subject: we can only promise its reader a pleasant hour or two in glancing through it, and an adequate reward for its study.

Shorter Reviews

The Russian Ballet. By ELLEN TERRY. With Drawings by PAMELA COLEMAN SMITH. (Sidgwick and Jackson, 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a beautiful little volume for a drawing-room table. Miss Pamela Smith's drawings are distinctly of the impressionist's style, which probably is the only method of depicting Russian dancing. The letterpress, which bears the signature of Miss Ellen Terry, is beautifully and artistically written. We do not agree with every word of it, especially where the authoress suggests that the Greek chorus probably indulged in rhythmic motions similar to those which the Russian dancers of to-day display. We cannot imagine Miss Pamela Smith's sketches as depicting any phase in the "Hecuba" of Euripides or the "Prometheus" of Æschylus. Opinion we think, is divided as to the real meaning of the Russian ballet, but, although we may not endorse to the full Miss Ellen Terry's ecstatic view, we think that the Russian dancers have afforded real delight to a certain proportion of English theatre-goers. It is obvious that Miss Ellen Terry's special idol is Nijinsky, for whom she has hardly sufficient vocabulary to praise. We strongly advise that everyone who is interested in the saltatory art should certainly purchase this volume, and we should like, in conclusion, to express our delight that Miss Ellen Terry has produced such excellent prose, which is indicative of her mental vigour at the present time.

Modern Science and Anarchism. By P. KROPOTKIN. (The Freedom Press. 1s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a commemorative edition of the defence of Anarchism by its most capable apologist. It was issued last December by the "Freedom Group," in celebration of the seventieth birthday of its author. To those who wish to know what kind of acceptable ethical and philosophical scheme a reasonable man can discern, or imagine he discerns, as the basis of the creed which has inspired the most perverted ruffianism of our day, the handbook of 110 pages will prove very interesting. Apparently Anarchism is the outcome of the anti-social temperament allied with unlimited cocksureness and intelligence unconscious of its limitations. "Anarchism does not derive its origin from any scientific researches or from any system of philosophy," we are told on page 1. Yet the whole book is an appeal to an interpretation of science in support of the system of philosophy on which Anarchism is based. It is represented as the last result of the exhaustive criticism of existing institutions. Socialism embodies this criticism in arrested development, but Anarchism "lifted its sacrilegious arm, not only against Capitalism, but also against our pillars of Capitalism—Law, Authority, and the State."

It appears that the cultured Anarchist has a patronising respect for certain moral precepts which his less

visionary comrades regard as irksome and superfluous. "Thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not bear false witness" are described as "excellent moral rules, generally recognised in the Mosaic era." However, the comrades who care for none of these things are justified by a later passage which expounds the distinctive Anarchist creed:—

No ruling authorities, then. No government of man by man; no crystallisation and immobility, but a continual evolution—such as we see in Nature. Free play for the individual, for the full development of his individual gifts, for his individualisation. In other words, no actions are imposed upon the individual by a fear of punishment; none is required from him by society but those which receive his free acceptance. In a society of equals this would be quite sufficient for preventing those unsocial actions that might be harmful to other individuals and to society itself, and for favouring the steady moral growth of society.

The naïve pronouncement in the concluding sentence is supposed to be sanctioned by the intelligent study of biological evolution. But, generally, the learning of the past, near and remote, is only fit for the lumber-room of the founders of the future "free commune." In a glossary attached to Prince Kropotkin's volume, Haeckel and Hegel fare alike; they are condemned and dismissed in two short paragraphs.

Composers in Love and Marriage. By J. Cuthbert Hadden. Illustrated. (John Long. 12s. 6d. net.)

ONE of the penalties imposed upon genius is the infliction of a public post-mortem inquiry into affairs regarded in the case of ordinary folk as private and inviolable. The love-affairs of composers are a rich field for the activities of literary "investigators." Mr. Hadden is at great pains to dissociate himself from the Grub Street fraternity in this respect. But the latter are to be known by their works, not their professions, and, if Mr. Hadden voluntarily chooses to disclose to us the secrets of great men's hearts, by no manner of means can he escape the charge of that "impertinent curiosity" which he so strongly deprecates.

Our desire to know the details concerning such affairs is impertinent curiosity, and nothing less, and it is idle and preposterous to attempt to dissemble that fact. Not a man of us who can read but gloats over anything in the nature of "scandal" in the lives of great men. Superhuman as the genius may be, in some one respect he is almost invariably endowed with a more than ordinary weakness in *affaires du cœur*. If at times the conduct of great men is eccentric, it does not require the lucubrations of a Lombroso or a Max Nordau to demonstrate the proposition that genius is near allied to madness. The wonder is that their respectability remains such as it is in the face of the many and great temptations to which it is customarily exposed.

Mr. Hadden, in our opinion, goes a great way too far when he says: "The plain truth is that Wagner was utterly unstable as regards women." The mere

fact that Wagner was ever foolish enough to take Minna Planer to wife is insufficient to justify a charge of "unfair treatment" of her when the union became intolerable. Personally we are filled with an immense pity for the mental sufferings of such men as Wagner, Chopin, Beethoven, and Haydn, caused by their failure to win the affections of a congenial mate. Alas, what glories might not have befallen had their yearnings been more richly blest! Mr. Hadden has given us an interesting volume of sketches, marred only by a frequent colloquialism of style.

Disraeli. By the EARL OF CROMER. (Macmillan and Co. 1s. net.)

THIS little volume is the reproduction of articles which originally appeared in the *Spectator*, criticising Mr. Monypenny's biographical volumes. Lord Cromer is not a friendly critic to Disraeli, and we rather regret that a great pro-consul has thought it necessary to belittle a man who did much as a statesman for his country. We are all aware at this time of day of the imperfections which belonged to the Tory statesman—his rancour towards Peel and the distrust and disdain in which he was held by the aristocracy in his early days, well typified by the remark of Stanley to Peel "that, if that scoundrel were taken into the Cabinet, he would not remain himself." And the late Lord Salisbury, as Lord Robert Cecil, was believed to have expressed himself on the same lines in language which the *Saturday Review* is incapable of producing at the present day. The fact that Disraeli begged for office from Peel is well established, and the venom with which he pursued the Minister who refused his prayer is well known. But Disraeli is not alone in conduct of that kind, and we can only feel grateful that Lord Cromer has always been accorded with cheerfulness and gratitude any office for which he appeared to be suited. Lord Cromer dwells a great deal upon Disraeli's foreign origin, but are we quite sure that the Barings were rooted in England before the Norman Conquest?

A Vertebrate Fauna of the Malay Peninsula: Reptilia and Batrachia. By G. A. BOULENGER, D.Sc., F.R.S. (Taylor and Francis.)

THE Government of the Federated Malay States are following the excellent example of the Government of India in bringing out a comprehensive account of the Peninsula fauna in a convenient and readily accessible form. The area dealt with ranges from the British Indian border southwards to Singapore, including many adjacent islands. Some portions of this tract are completely known, but certain States, hitherto unexplored, are expected to yield interesting novelties. This volume on the reptiles and batrachians of the country is a first instalment of the Government's undertaking. Dr. Boulenger's authorship is a guarantee of its scientific value. The editor of this series is Mr. H. C. Robinson, who, as Director of Museums in the Malay States, has the best opportunities of local observation.

A scientific book about snakes and frogs, and the like, is not calculated to attract the general reader, who will, however, find many points of interest in the notes. For instance, numerous people lose their lives in the Peninsula by being seized and carried off by crocodiles; these creatures, measuring sometimes 24 feet, travel overland considerable distances to occupy ponds or deserted mining holes, so that bathing is not safe therein. In this region several of the vipers are among the most dangerous poisonous snakes. How many know that the eggs and early development of frogs and toads are essentially similar to those of fishes, and quite unlike those of reptiles? An instance is recorded of a frog swallowing a snake; the common practice is, we believe, "the other way about." Students of natural history, as well as scientists, can find diversion in the many incidents and anecdotes recorded, though the technical descriptions of the specimens are hardly light reading. The editor formulates certain problems on which further information is required: this is a useful guidance to investigators. Though results may not be immediately forthcoming, this series may be welcomed as a contribution to scientific knowledge which may any day prove to be practically important and useful.

Fiction

The Granite Cross. By Mrs. FRED REYNOLDS. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

IT is a pleasure to read this charming novel of Cornish life, if only to note the improvement in style and strength of composition which the author shows as she goes on. More than eighteen months ago we commented upon a previous work of hers, "The Horseshoe," and complained, while praising the story, of bad paragraphing and of a heavy attempt at ease which occasionally spoiled everything. In "The Granite Cross" these faults have entirely disappeared, and the plot unfolds in a manner which wins our warm admiration. Poor Mathew Treen, the fisherman with impulses to art which lead him to try his hand in London, and which also bring him into contact with Judith Marston, the London visitor who passes the sunny hours by flirting with him, is a pathetic figure, and the reader sees that nothing but sorrow can come from the transplanting of so wild a flower to the confinement of the city. Judith, who for a time is so taken with this handsome fisherman that she actually becomes engaged to him—the only really improbable event in the book—sees her mistake; but we will not disclose here the incidents which lead to the scene. Not much happiness seems left for Mathew on his return to his native village; he is neither fisherman nor artist, but a kind of miserable hybrid. His home life, his parents, his mates, are finely drawn, and the spell of the sea is over all. We congratulate the author on "The Granite Cross," and hope that in her next book, by discovering how much the judicious use of the semi-colon may improve a halting passage, she may give us still more reason to express pleasure.

Daphne in Paris. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

DAPHNE, having fallen in love with a young man of engaging manners, but of limited prospects, is packed off to Paris by her mother, under the chaperonage of a cousin who is not very much older and—if the truth must be told—not very much less romantically minded than Daphne's self. The reason for this involuntary pilgrimage is that there is a chinless duke in the case, and dukes are not caught every day. So to Paris Daphne goes, where she contrives to have a tolerably good time. In the meanwhile the fair cousin is absorbed in affairs of her own, and, this being so, is scarcely able to give the necessary time and attention to the chaperoning of Daphne. There are a few minor complications, but they are not of the kind to give the sympathetic reader a moment's uneasiness.

In books of this sort it is the expected that always happens. When a girl of Daphne's peculiar temperament is confronted with the problem of accepting either a chinless duke, whom she does not love, or a handsome young man with £800 a year, whom she does, there is nothing for it—is there?—but to reject the duke and marry the lover. Well, that is what Daphne does. The author lets Daphne tell her own story for the greater part of the narrative, and very well she tells it, talking about most things in a charmingly inconsequential fashion, and splitting her infinitives as only a woman can. But we could have borne with a little less description. In this matter, indeed, we find Daphne a thought tedious. Most of us, in these days of cheap excursions, have been to Paris, and those who have not might possibly prefer to take their information from the guide-books.

The Terrible Choice. By STEPHEN FOREMAN. (John Long. 6s.)

MR. FOREMAN writes a book of which one does not wish to miss a word. The descriptive parts which in so many stories bore the reader, or cause him to start a passage again to find what it is all about, do not exist in "The Terrible Choice." And in addition to this, Mr. Foreman has in the case of Julius Stannard particularly, and in one or two others in a lesser degree, given fine psychological studies, combined with the working out of an intricate plot. The beginning of the story when Julius sees the remarkable changes in the stormy sky and the desolation of the vast wastes of land stretching before him, and thinks upon the wrong he has done himself and the unhappiness he has caused the wife he loves because he has been unable to stand against the awful craving for drink, is very fine indeed. Julius is no weak simpleton, but a strong man who as yet cannot overcome his foe. As the story proceeds the effects of the terrible choice are gradually unfolded in a clear and forcible manner. The reader feels that each in its turn bears a certain relation to the one preceding it, and that the result in no case could be different from what it is. This is consistency, and the result is a good story, and one which on account of its many qualifications must appeal to readers of various kinds.

The Lure of Crooning Water. By MARION HILL. (John Long. 6s.)

GEORGETTE is a bright young actress who expects all men to adore her, and if they refuse she sets herself the task of making them change their mind. Three very different types of men resist, waver, and finally succumb to the charms of this wayward young person: a doctor, a rich tradesman, and a farmer. The doctor is tall, stern, silent, but musical, and a little domineering; the tradesman talkative, vulgar, and occasionally abusive; the farmer taciturn, married, and masterful. Georgette's dealings with the three men form the whole of the story, and the way she gets into tangles and disentangles herself is very ably and entertainingly told, although at times with more than a suspicion of exaggeration. Some of the best parts of the story are taken up with the sayings and doings of three charming little children at the farm where Georgette is sent by the tall, stern doctor to recoup. Their chatter is pretty and natural, and brings a certain amount of humour to bear on a story otherwise rather lacking in this saving quality.

Gurth. By J. W. GAMBIER, R.N. (W. J. Ham-Smith. 6s.)

THERE is some similarity between this book and the South Pacific islands of which it tells, for both are devoid of half-lights; the story is one of a fight between black unrelieved villainy and pure virtue, and, of course, virtue is triumphant in the end, for it always is in tales of this class. And, a usual defect—the villain is deficient of a solitary virtue, while the hero has not a single vice that we can discover; they would have been much more attractive had they possessed just a scrap of each other's qualities.

Gurth, the hero, is landed on an island whose only other inhabitant, for the time being, is the heroine, and—but why pursue the story further? Has it not been told with sufficient frequency for all to guess what happened? So we will dismiss it by remarking that there is not an incident nor a situation which a Grundyish reader could really condemn, though the thrill of such a position is well maintained to the end—which is the usual end of a story of adventure and melodramatic situations.

Admitting that the book is composed of sheer melodrama, we must also admit that it is exceedingly well told. Without descending to wearisome descriptive passages, the author manages to convey the atmosphere that envelops these islands of the far south-west, and thus in spite of the extreme improbability of the story itself, in some of its phases he makes his work convincing. For those who incline to stories in which incident is of more moment than character, this is decidedly an attractive book.

Mr. Arthur Henderson's lecture, "Christianity and the Working Classes," delivered in Dr. Horton's church at Hampstead, on February 2, has been published as a penny pamphlet by the *Christian Commonwealth*, Salisbury Square, London.

The Theatre

"The Pretenders" at the Haymarket

WHEN Brandes, in his often loose way of stating an accurate perception, said that "Ibsen must some time or other have had a lyric Pegasus shot under him," he struck an element in Ibsen's work that is becoming more and more important each year. The Pegasus was never shot, of course; it was only very unhappily broken in. And those plays in which Ibsen is now winning his secure fame are those in which the Pegasus took the bit between his teeth; which is, of course, another way of stating that only poetic drama can live. The "Doll's House," even "Ghosts," belong to yesterday; "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" are alive today, and with these two ranges their immediate precursor, "The Pretenders." The day of social tracts was not yet; and Ibsen was slowly constructing his drama out of a material that belonged to his own age only in so much as it included all ages. The bitterness of "Love's Comedy" and the unreality of "The Vikings" at Helgeland lay behind him; and, after a lengthy period of silence, he turned to the making of the three dramas that will best preserve his fame, because in them some of his deepest wisdom is found.

When that fact is remembered, it will be seen that those responsible for the choice of "The Pretenders" at the Haymarket only claim their due when they say that the production relieves the English stage from a long-standing reproach. It is strange to think that it should not have been done before. The contrast between Hakon and Skule is one that lends itself to theatrical presentation, apart from the strength of the drama in which it is contained. Bishop Nicholas stands between them to point the contrast, and to make it effective in action. "The Pretenders" is scarcely the best title for the play. The Norwegian was translated into German by Brandes as "Königsmaterie" (as Mr. Archer in his translation points out); and Hakon and Earl Skule, even Bishop Nicholas, too, are all part of that king-stuff. That is, in fact, the play. Skule lusted for the kingship, but he realised that between him and his desire there was a great gulf; that gulf being his realisation that "I am a king's arm, mayhap a king's brain; but he (Hakon) is the whole king." So, too, with Nicholas. He lusted for kingship; but he found he had not the courage, and had to turn about and exert his desire through other men. The only one that had kingship out of all the "king-stuff" was Hakon; and that was because he was perfectly sure of himself, of his calling and his mission. That gave him his entry to the place that both Earl Skule and the Bishop in their various ways lusted for.

One may neglect the suggestion that Ibsen portrayed himself in Skule and Björnstjerne Björnson in Hakon. We have Ibsen's authority for the fact that Björnson's popularity, his solid basis of achievement, his admitted prowess and the way in which the fates seemed to abet

him, as contrasted with Ibsen's own lack of resolution and recognition, was the hint that started him writing the play he had sketched out some years previously. But, the hint provided, the process of creation took its own responsibility. There was only sufficient of the personal to give that depth of significance necessary to a great work of art, for Ibsen was not soul-sick like Skule, nor was Björnson the lay figure of certitude that Hakon is. The eternal difficulty of the artist, to make a moral figure convincing or interesting, is not answered here, for it is Skule, not Hakon, who gives the play its interest. Hakon had the king-thought that Skule envied him. It was that king-thought ("Norway has been a kingdom, it shall become a people") that was to Skule the proof of Hakon's kingship, however many battles he might win against him. But it is not the man with the king-thought in whom we are interested, but in Skule, as he lusts for the thing for which he feels himself unfitted.

He is unfitted for it in both ways: he has neither the kingship by virtue nor has he it by vice. He is afraid to be the same in his own act and valour as he is in desire; and, indeed, in many ways he has a remarkable likeness to Macbeth. He would be king; but when Bishop Nicholas urges him to it he declares that if he were once sure that Hakon had the rightful title he would not take it from him. Had it not been for the Bishop he would probably never have taken the necessary steps. To be sure, Nicholas is not anxious that Skule should be indisputable king. He does not want any indisputable king. He found that his cowardice unfitted him for high office in the energies of life, and what he could not have he will hinder anyone else from having. In his famous death-scene he himself gives the clue to his whole life, and, to our amazement, on Saturday at the Haymarket the major part of it was omitted, and the play, in consequence, left maimed and inexplicable at the mainspring of its whole action. "I felt I was born to be King," he cries; and then again he says: "Neither of you shall add to the other's height by his own stature. If that befell, there would be a giant in the land, and here shall no giant be; for I was never a giant." Even these final words, which were given, were lost sight of in an excited delivery. He causes Skule to destroy, unwittingly, the document that shall prove to him whether Hakon is indeed the King's son or not, and so leaves him with the doubt. Thus he gains his *perpetuum mobile*. He will die; but he will remain master; for Skule and Hakon will continue to contend for the kingship.

Mr. William Haviland as the Bishop gave a very fine and subtle performance. Usually, too, save at the last, he very carefully underscored the lines that should be underscored without in the least directing them at the audience; and that is the secret of much in acting. In the death-scene he had a great opportunity, which he made the most of. With every respect for the actor's craft, that extended death-scene is rather an opportunity for the theatre than in the strict dramatic interest, and Mr. Haviland showed a fine artistic sense in rather drawing it into the action than making it mainly a

moment for his own display. Hakon, as we have said, was chiefly a lay figure of the fortunate man; but Mr. Basil Gill, with his resolute manner and manly speech, made it convincing. Mr. Laurence Irving took the part of Skule. It is the best thing he has yet done. Apart from an unnecessary rolling of his eyes and some stray suggestions of the Adelphi-villain manner (particularly in the first scene), he informed with life a very various and difficult character. In the scene in which he, having temporarily won the kingship, seeks to win counsel, if not conviction, from the skald Jatgeir, he was at his best. Unfortunately he remembered the audience. It was with the skald he was talking, not with the audience. In this scene Ibsen delivered himself of some of his deepest and most mature wisdom, for Jatgeir is one of his most significant creations, and therefore it is the more a pity to mar its conviction. As the skald Mr. Guy Rathbone was dignified and unobtrusive. The women do not play much part in the play, but Miss Netta Westcott as Margrete, Skule's daughter and Hakon's wife, should be mentioned.

Mr. Sime's dresses, and the scenery by him and Mr. Harker, were in the true Viking spirit. They gave a fine setting for the play, although the scenery would have been much improved if there had been less of it. The fighting in the hall in the fourth act was a mistake. We have mentioned one omission in the text. Without detracting from an exceedingly fine production let us mention one other. The first left the Bishop unexplained; the last left Skule without the final elucidation. For Hakon's last words, over Skule's dead body, are: "Skule Bardsson was God's stepchild on earth; that was the secret." Why should this be omitted? D. F.

"Eliza Comes to Stay" at the Criterion Theatre

MR. ESMOND was an author and actor whom we enjoyed very greatly when all our world was young. We continue to hope he will do something splendid. So much do we look forward to his work, indeed, that we took the trouble to see "Eliza Comes to Stay," under a slightly different name, when he produced it at Folkestone some three months ago. Since then he and Miss Eva Moore have worked upon their parts with assiduity, and both Miss Carlotta Addison and Mr. Eric Lewis have been added to the cast. Everything that intelligence could suggest has been done to brighten and quicken into life this somewhat old-fashioned, rather artificial, farcical comedy. Judging by the laughter and applause of the first night's audience Mr. Esmond's play and his company are just the thing that London needs. And thus Miss Moore's Eliza, who appears either impossibly dowdy, absurdly flamboyant, *à la mode du demi-monde*, or sweet and charming and gay, as the action of the play requires, may be a popular success in London for many a day to come. Artistically, the actress is really too clever for the character. It is difficult to believe that the ill-bred, clumsy girl we first see can so entirely change

her appearance and her character at such short notice. Eliza would have to be just as clever, just as well assisted "off" as is Miss Eva Moore herself, if she could carry out the change of manner, voice, and character which the author asks of her. We cannot believe that Eliza is as clever as Miss Moore, and that spoils one part of the play for us. As for the humorous side of the farce, it seems to belong to a past period. "Damn" and "hell of a lot" and that sort of thing do not seem very funny now, and Mr. Esmond's gay manner is of another and, possibly, a better day.

Youth now flees on feathered foot,
Fainter and fainter sounds the flute,
Rarer songs of gods;

and the present generation has become used to a totally different point of view from that expressed in "Eliza Comes to Stay." The actors make their points with infinite knowledge and experience; every phrase is considered, every chance of using an old joke is taken full advantage of, but still the result is not lively. The brilliancy seems but make-believe, the humour an effort to amuse which falls flat. Still, there was the hearty welcome and wild laughter of the first night, and one hopes that, although it seems a little *démodé* to some of us, "Eliza Comes to Stay" will make one more Criterion success.

"Ask Quesbury" at the Globe Theatre

How long is it since we heard a farce ending with the title of the play in the manner of "Still Waters Run Deep" or "Box and Cox"? We don't quite remember, but whenever it was, that is the period, intellectually, of Mr. T. Herbert Lee's new play, in which we have the ever-welcome pleasure of seeing Mr. Weedon Grossmith plunged into all sorts of wild and wayward complications, and eventually released amid abundant, or as it seems to a few of us, redundant, laughter. Everyone will go to the Globe to enjoy "Wee Gee," as the gifted Lady Monkton nicknamed him in the year dot. So if the play be merry and nice, in the *nace* sense of the word, the rest does not much matter. Three pretty ladies and Mr. Weedon Grossmith, a good-natured bachelor, who lives—a good deal—for others in a rather luxurious flat, assorted husbands, and a rather happy, artificial little plot. Take of these particles all that is fusible, and serve them with plenty of confusion and run-away people and lots of laughter, as Mr. Lee has done, and you may be sure of a gay and entertaining result. The great point about the whole thing is that Mr. Grossmith is back in town, that his personality is as delightful as ever, and that he is supported by a competent and, as regards the ladies, beautiful, cast. In their own particular world of art Mr. Rudge Harding and Mr. Henry Ford are beautiful, too. The first actor's Pragnell Thurston is one of that gentleman's delightfully

dry, sub-humorous portraits, a piece of original work which will add to his fame as a master in a curious and genuine, although apparently unintentionally, comic school of art.

Miss Daisy Thimm, Miss Cressall, and Miss Nora Laming carry on the make-believe of the play with agile grace. They, and all the rest of the players are always adequate, always in the picture, always pleasant, but, of course, the real allure at the Globe Theatre will be Mr. Grossmith, whose friends have missed him from London far too long; we cannot afford to lose a moment of his compelling gaiety.

"Lady Noggs," at the Comedy Theatre

JUDGING Miss Cicely Hamilton by her previous work alone, we should expect her to be, perhaps, just a little esoteric and intense; from a long acquaintance and a little intimacy with Mr. Edgar Jepson's writings and life, one has grown to think of him as agreeably sceptical. To receive so broadly popular and delightful a play as "Lady Noggs" from the serious and the cynic is but one more of the welcome surprises of our theatre. On a background of conventional plot peopled by a not too life-like Prime Minister, a beautiful adventuress, a rich curate, a good governess, and so forth, is superimposed the delightful and arresting figure of the little girl who happens to be Lady Grandison in her own right, and is known as Noggs. Everyone will remember how interesting this character grew to be in Mr. Jepson's stories, but now that Miss Mary Glynne has presented her in the flesh an even wider world will realise her charm and power to amuse. As to the plot and the various schemes on which this delightful child exercises her skill, what do they matter? It is enough that two such clever writers as Miss Hamilton and Mr. Jepson have gone into council for our own entertainment, and that they have been lucky enough to have their lively ideas and their already well-tested situations made entrancing by the grace and wit and humour and youth of Miss Mary Glynne. One of the saddest and most usual sights in the theatre is the attempt of middle-aged clever people to play young parts. It is so often only after years of study and hard work than an actor can bring forth the full meaning of a child's part that we are pretty well accustomed to see elderly bodies in Eton jackets and are often made to try to believe in the obviously impossible result. It may not be quite so awful in regard to ladies, who always look young, but still the difficulty remains. How doubly pleasant is the change in regard to "Lady Noggs"; here Miss Glynne, who was such a dear maternal little Wendy only the other day in "Peter Pan," is the age she needs to be, and yet lacks none of the artistic cunning necessary to make her at once truthful, beautiful, and completely amusing.

EGAN MEW.

"Macbeth" at the Coronet Theatre

WE were agreeably surprised at the production of "Macbeth" on Thursday evening, the 13th inst., by Mr. F. R. Benson's company. We had hardly expected that some of the performers would rise to the heights necessary to make this tragedy a success, but the majority of the players were very good indeed. The trying part of Macbeth was well interpreted by Mr. Benson himself, who put life and energy into the part. Miss Dorothy Green as Lady Macbeth aided well her spouse, and betrayed him beautifully in the sleep-walking scene. The ghost was not successful, and one could not help comparing it with the much more mystical and weird representation at His Majesty's a short time ago.

On Monday evening we had a revival of "The Piper." We have never thought very highly of the play, and we must frankly say that it seems scarcely worth revival. Mr. Benson in the part of the Piper was as good as before, with the exception of a slight staling such as one would expect. Miss Dorothy Green was admirable as Veronika. "The Piper" was preceded by a new one-act piece by Mr. Randle Ayrton, entitled "The King's Minstrel." The story is that of a king whose daughter has fled from the Court rather than consent to the match that her father has made for her. The old king is one who has shut his affections against all approach in the interests of statecraft, and his anger against his daughter is bitter—the bitterer because her flight has made it evident to him that his affections are not so well closed as he had imagined them to be. He sends for his minstrel, who sings to him with intent to recall his emotion to him. He succeeds, and it transpires that it is he who has wed the king's daughter. Mr. Ayrton played the king himself, and Mr. Frank Cochrane played the part of the minstrel. The piece was exceedingly well received. It tended to drag a little in parts; but that is a fault that can easily be rectified in subsequent rehearsals. It is, however, not so much a curtain-raiser as a little complete theatre-piece. As such on the variety stage it would have its more obvious place, where its hanging action would have a much better opportunity.

We trust that the remainder of Mr. Benson's visit will prove successful, and although at the present time there is an increasing number of repertoire companies, it must not be forgotten that to Mr. Benson are due thanks for keeping before the public plays which otherwise might have been overlooked for many years.

We are informed that Mr. Herbert W. Wills has been appointed editor of the *Builder*. Mr. Wills is a Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects, having served for four years on the Council of that body; and he has carried out, in conjunction with his partner, many important public buildings.

Music

A "BALFOUR GARDINER" Concert rouses the fondest expectations of interest and pleasure. Last year it seemed that, almost alone among the purveyors of miscellaneous modern English music, Mr. Gardiner had discernment to discover in all the beautiful, but sometimes misleading, manuscripts, what would sound well in performance, and so he managed to excite a real interest in modern work among a class of listeners too much accustomed to assume that, if English-born, it must necessarily be dull stuff. This year he began delicately, only giving us two "first performances," Mr. Grainger's setting for voices of "The Inuit," from the Second Jungle Book, and Mr. Dale's "Before the Paling of the Stars," a Christian Hymn by Miss Rossetti, which is for chorus and a small orchestra. The first of these has much of the fresh vigour which we associate with the composer's name. Written ten years ago, it shows that even then Mr. Grainger's feeling for original harmonies and success in finding them were dominant characteristics of his work. The second suffers from a great deal too much elaboration. The pretty words will not bear such music. A note of Christmas music should surely be a simple directness. But Mr. Dale's music is involved, long drawn out, and, we are afraid we must say it, ineffective. Mr. Gardiner was happier in his choice of works which had been performed before, but which are still quite unfamiliar. Indeed, he deserves cordial praise and thanks for letting us hear again the remarkably beautiful "Symphony in four linked movements," which Sir Hubert Parry wrote last year, and conducted at a recent concert of the Philharmonic Society. A second hearing convinced us that our first impressions of this work were not too warm. It is the finest Symphony that has come from the genius of a British composer. It may not solve any new problems of orchestration, but its thought is always more than adequately expressed, and the thought is on a higher plane of eloquence than that of rival symphonies which may be superior in effects of mere craftsmanship. One enjoys this music as one enjoys reading a book written in good prose, which expresses the fine ideas of a dignified and noble mind.

Mr. Vaughan Williams' Fantasia on a Theme by Tallis, for string orchestra, first performed at one of the Three Choir Festivals, is a work of real power. Some people would call it good music in the worst sense of the term, for it is intricate and even baffling, and it has no "purple patches." It required very hard, concentrated attention. When we felt fairly sure that we had grasped the theme, we could follow it for a time, but then we lost it, and were very uncertain as to what the composer had done with it. Again, and we recovered it, only to get mazed once more. The piece reminded us of one of those steep wooded hill-sides where the main track delights to confuse the climber by taking on a resemblance to half a dozen other tracks, which either lead to nowhere, or else bring you back to where you started. Mr. Williams deludes his

hearers by the most enticing counterpoints, which haunt you into forgetting the fragments of the original theme, which ought to present themselves as well-known landmarks. May we suggest that it would have greatly helped the audience to appreciate the Fantasia if the tune had been sung by the choir before the piece itself was begun? The tune is a very beautiful one, and is set, we believe, in Mr. Vaughan Williams' "English Hymnal" to those unforgettable lines of Addison, "When rising from the bed of death." Dr. Walford Davies, when he plays Bach's Choral Preludes at his Recitals in the Temple Church, has the melody sung by the choir first of all, so that the hearers are in no doubt about the tune. The "Oriana Madrigal Society," which sang a number of perfectly delightful Psalms, Canons, Ayres, etc., of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as well as Dr. Charles Wood's "Haymakers" and Mr. Von Holet's "Eastern Pictures," might well have been asked to adopt the practice of the Temple organist. The Oriana singers are still too rigid in their phrasing, too emphatic in their accent; they want much greater ease of rhythm and tone. But they sang Wilbye's exquisite "Happy, O happy be" with real sense of its charm, and were also effective in Dowland's "Fine Knacks for Ladies" and "Weep You No More, Sad Fountains."

The "Société des Concerts Français" has been thoroughly justifying its existence. Recently it brought over M. Joachim Nin, who can have no superior, we think, in the art of playing harpsichord music on a modern piano; and last week its concert was memorable for a performance of one of the very finest productions of modern French music, Chausson's Concerto for Violin and Piano, with string quartette, by Mme. Feuillard, MM. Willaume, Mangeot, Carruete, Macon, and Feuillard. This richly sonorous music, with its lovely lyricism, its finely sustained and deeply felt emotion, shaped and guided with truly French sense of proportion, made a very marked impression. What might not so gifted, so great a composer have done, had he not been snatched away by an accident at an early age! The French artists also played a delicious trio by Rameau; three of its little movements, "L'Agaçante," "La Timide," and "L'Indiscrète," are veritable pictures by Watteau in music; M. Macon gave a charming Andante and Minuet by Milandre on the viole d'amour, and M. Willaume played Leclair's Suite, of which everybody has heard Kreisler play the "Tambourin." Mr. Theodore Byard sang a number of songs so well that we are tempted to say they could not have been better sung. Mr. Vaughan Williams' arrangements of the fifteenth century "L'Amour de Moy" and "Réveillez-vous, Piccarz," show our English composer in a very agreeable light, and Mr. Byard also sang two of M. Guy Ropartz's beautiful songs, "Tout le long de la Nuit" and "Lever d'Aube," and the fine "Semeur" of Alexis de Castillon, another of the brilliant pupils of C. Franck who did not live to fulfil their early promise.

The Queen's Hall Symphony Orchestra had a fine concert last Saturday, which began most impressively with the Trauermarsch from "Götterdämmerung,"

played in memory of Captain Scott and his brave comrades. Orchestra and audience stood up while the noble dirge—the best tribute Music could offer—stirred their souls with its triumph and its pain. Then Sir Henry Wood played, in his very best style, the Symphony in G minor, which Mozart composed in 1773, fifteen years before the more famous work in the same key. It is a lovely work, polished and shining like some gem, yet by no means of superficial brilliance. Indeed, Mr. Newmarch is right in saying that it is an exceptional expression of temperament for its period, and a true precursor of its impassioned successor. Mr. Lamond repeated his majestic performance of Tchaikovsky's Pianoforte Concerto in B flat minor, which excited such special admiration last year. We had become a little weary of this Concerto, dashed off, as it used to be, by every facile and impetuous pianist, at almost every concert. But it renewed its freshness and recovered its power of attraction under the masterly touch of Mr. Lamond, so that it was easy to recognise it once more as a really fine work. He made it sound very big indeed, and was rewarded by an amount of recalls rare at a Symphony Concert. The pretty, but too much spun-out Suite "Piemonte," of Sinigaglia, was the only weak point in the concert. Had we been allowed to go straight on from the Concerto to the splendid Love-Scene from Strauss' "Feuersnot," the programme would have been long enough.

At Covent Garden frequent hearings of "Rosenkavalier" have but deepened our conviction that it is the most attractive opera of modern times. The thing has a hundred faults, no doubt. The learned ones who know what a perfect opera should be, tell us that it has. But we do not care. 'Tis an imperfect world, and we are thankful to get anything as bright and pleasant as "Rosenkavalier" to cheer us up. One of the performances we saw was excellently conducted by Herr Schilling-Ziemsen, who seemed thoroughly familiar with the music, though no doubt he would have been the better had more rehearsals been possible. He did not adopt the slower *tempi* to which Mr. Beecham had accustomed the singers, and sometimes the artists did not keep up with him. "Pétrouchka" is more fascinating each time we see and hear it, and "L'Oiseau de Feu," besides being beautiful to see, is interesting to hear again in the light of M. Stravinsky's later and more wonderful achievement. But M. Nijinsky's attitudes and movements in "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" are so superlatively graceful, and the whole atmosphere of this scene is so tranquilly sensuous, so mysteriously poetical, that it will not be surprising if this piece, short as it is, should become the most popular in the repertory. Last Tuesday, when it was produced, the effect made was so great that the whole piece was repeated. A misunderstanding which led to the orchestra beginning too soon might have had serious consequences, but the strange beauty of the piece, with the lovely music which we all know so well, arrested the attention at once, and no notice was taken of the accident. We did not know before this that Fauns were sometimes piebald. But it does

not matter how M. Nijinsky dresses himself for the part. Every one of his gestures is like a line of perfect poetry. His poses when he awakens to the presence of the Nymphs, and when he descends the rock to meet them, are indescribably beautiful. One thinks of the Narciso at Naples, or the Venus des Beaux Arts, in the effort to recall anything so graceful. Most of the Fauns that once adorned Roman gardens, and now adorn all the statue galleries of Europe, are graceful, but not so graceful as M. Nijinsky. There is no dancing, and the Faun only once leaps into the air to show his pleasure. The piece is void of any offence, and is so strangely still that, however much one's eyes are riveted on the stage, one's ears can drink in Debussy's exquisite music without losing a note. Yes, "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," as conceived by M. Nijinsky, is a thing of wondrous grace.

Loss of Memory

IT does not appear that people of that agreeable period, Once Upon a Time, suffered greatly from loss of memory; and even in Dickens's day the disease was so rare that his Haunted Man was a fantastic figure. The literary worker has always been absent-minded; but, except in the thrills and agonies of composition, and in interviews with his publisher, he has not forgotten who he is. Of late the disease has spread and intensified; respectable persons, equipped with top hats and umbrellas, have suddenly found themselves—the phrase is queer—lost in a strange universe, unaware of their names, their trades, their dwelling-places, and their immediate business.

If such cases did occur in what we call the Dark Ages, they were probably put down to possession of the devil. I incline to the belief that they did not often occur. Daily life had so many more landmarks in time and place then than now; body and mind were so accustomed to the daily ritual that a mighty influence was needed to throw them out of gear, and the streets of his town or village were too much a part of a man's inner consciousness to become easily strange to him. The church, the pump, the inn, the lock-up, the smithy, the shop—each was alive with associations, and would recall to the wool-gatherer his name and history.

But the city dweller of to-day has no such roots of ritual and locality; he is adrift. Even if he be the tenant of an office chair, his is a weekly tenancy; next week may find him picking his way down the advertisement columns of a newspaper, on the look-out for a new home. Grant that he owns a home in the suburbs; the chances are a hundred to one that it is not *his* house, that he does not know who lived there before him (if anybody did), or how, or when, or why it was built, or what relation it bears to the district. 'Tis a thousand to one he does not live in that suburb, but merely lodges there, and that a rise in salary will presently waft him to Tooting or Maida Vale or Hampstead or Hammer-

smith or Kew. He is a nomad, and the house is his caravanserai.

Like all nomads, he works in a very narrow groove. Every man works in a groove; but, when life is well organised, the groove may be wide and have many branches, whereas in a desert or a forest you must keep to the trade rut, or you will perish. The chances of a metropolis are many—so many that a city dweller comes to believe in nothing but chance, and it is very easy to throw him out of his groove. A train lost, a pair of spectacles mislaid, a diversion of traffic, the first time of wearing a suit of clothes, may plunge him into an unfamiliar world. Even if no such accident happen, there will surely come a moment of absent-mindedness when the brain is swept clear of ideas and has to start afresh; and if at that moment the senses do not find something to lay hold of, something that has grown up with the man and become part of him, then you will have him diving ignominiously into his pockets for literal evidence of his identity, or rapping meekly at the counter of a police station.

Properly speaking, he has not at that moment lost his memory; he never had any memory to lose; there are no landmarks in his history; he lives from hand to mouth on the verge of mental beggary. He is John Smith, clerk; but who was his grandfather, and where is the home of his clan? He is as doubtful of that as of his extramundane destination. Scarcely less has his city lost its memory; for, though here and there in the wilderness of upstart brick rise monuments, the wilderness itself knows nothing of yesterday. Britons, Romans, Saxons, Normans, Englishmen of many centuries, have laboured upon this city; but what does Mafeking Avenue know of that? Misbegotten of a shoddy builder's plan, ramshackle and ruined from its birth, it vegetates blindly from scaffolding to scaffolding. So utterly are its memories lost that often it forgets its name, and makes no outcry when Mafeking Avenue is changed to Stamboul Parade. Even the wandering Jew is not in as bad a case as we and our city are—he remembers at least Jerusalem.

Naturally enough, the metropolitan has left off reading books and taken to newspapers, which are books that have lost their memories, which babble heedlessly of the rumour of the moment, and which have no thought of what they said yesterday or may say to-morrow. And, naturally enough, belief in the virtue of life-long marriages between men and women grows less resolute, for free-love is marriage that has lost its memory. The myth of the scientist, to the effect that "every seven years you are another man," contents us. Memory the connecting link?—nonsense! the link is missing. As for Wordsworth, and his baby born with a trail of glory-clouds and a promise of immortality—the notion is laughable. Man is the butterfly of a day; before and behind him is the dark. If some few of us yield to the evidence of tables, we picture the soul of man as a nomad of inter-stellar spaces rather than as a member of the cosy domestic circle of the heavenly choir.

There is a brighter side to the picture. To lose the consciousness of one's identity may sometimes be a way of escape. John Smith, grinding out invoices at thirty bob a week, suddenly finds himself nobody, doing nothing. Sometimes the invoices pursue him and bring him back; sometimes he starves or goes into the workhouse. But sometimes he fits into a new groove. It is ignominious that man should allow himself to be so utterly the shuttlecock of his environment, but it is the best to be hoped for a man who has lost his memory.

For the cheerful scoundrel the possibilities are great. In the old days, when he tired of his ways of life, he burned his boats and took a larger one to the Colonies. Now all he has to do is to lose his memory. He cuts the tailor's tag from his clothes, he leaves at home his visiting cards and all stray envelopes and letters, but takes with him a sufficiency of money. Thus equipped, he charts a motor-bus to Fleet Street, and applies at the office of a daily paper to know who he is and where he lives. Thereafter he is safe; his portrait is published, and his description is circulated; and a Press portrait and description are the best mask a runaway can desire.

If, as is possible, he tire of his new life, return is easy. A blow on the head, or the whiff of a familiar brand of tobacco, recalls in an instant the name of his wife or the location of his tobacconist. He goes home, to be petted, and to write articles for the Press on "How I Lost my Memory." I have often thought of trying it myself as a means of advertisement.

W. R. TITTERTON.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

TIM HEALY is not called "Tiger Tim" for nothing. I described last week how, in the early hours of the morning, he made a long and venomous speech about the way the Government were trying to sneak through a sum of £1,800,000 for the Insurance Bill by improper means, and how they had brushed aside all the usual safeguards to cover up their expenditure. That romantic philanthropist Masterman, as Secretary of the Treasury, had replied as if Tim were a new member—a neophyte at the rules of the House, and one who did not understand financial machinery—he was wrong in all his premises and in his deductions—he was inaccurate in his facts, and angry at being beaten; so ran the purport of his remarks.

On Wednesday afternoon, some fifteen hours later, Tim returned to the charge. It was on the second reading of the Consolidated Fund (Appropriation) Bill. He said, under the Parliament Act, the Speaker had a new function thrust upon him; he had to give a certificate that this was a Money Bill. Members turned and looked at each other. What was Tim driving at? Surely, if anything was a Money Bill, the Appropriation Bill was. But Tim, as crafty an old Parliamentary hand as ever sat on the green benches, knew what he was after. Section

III of the Insurance Act said that the State should only find *two-ninths* of the contributions; this Bill practically repealed Section III by making the contribution far more than two-ninths by reason of the £1,800,000. The Bill was a forged note; it was grossly and abominably illegal. The Chancellor was taking a desperate gambler's chance—was trying to conceal his own glaring blunders. This was a Money Bill with a hump on it.

The Speaker said he would give his decision later.

Austen appealed to the Prime Minister; he wanted the doctors to have the extra allowance; he did not press the Government to regularise their action this session, but would the Premier undertake to pass a short measure early next session, following Section III, so that it would authorise this payment?

Asquith adopted a Pecksniffian air. He regretted the spirit of Tim's speech. ("Ah," said Tim grimly, "you were not here last Friday!" At which we laughed.) "As an ex-Chancellor," Asquith went on, "and as one of the strictest purists in the House, he took a severe view of the necessity of following the accustomed rules of procedure." There had been no concealment; the course followed had been pursued often before; the Government would regularise it and give effect to it by permanent legislation. Bonar Law, said the Prime Minister, had admitted the contention raised. No one could doubt that the Government did not intend to take the course now promised; the Government ought to have made it plain on their own initiative. So Tim Healy was justified, and did well to be angry.

The Railway Bill was not read a third time until 2.30 a.m. Lord Claud Hamilton lashed out at the suggestion that the Act should only last for five years. The Prime Minister was doing what was contrary to the honour of a statesman and an English gentleman; it was a gross breach of the solemn agreement made when the Government was in a hole, and he and some of his fellow railway directors stalked out, as a protest.

On Thursday, after an interesting debate, the Lords threw out the Welsh Church Bill on its second reading. Willie Peel, now a viscount, spoke very well for the second time in his new surroundings; his pleasant voice, a legacy from his father and grandfather, suits the chamber well. The Bishop of St. Davids made a fiery speech, and the veteran Earl of Halsbury was equally vigorous in his condemnation of the "mean Bill."

There would have probably been a sparse attendance in the Commons but for the fact that the papers had reported that Leo Maxse, the pugnacious editor of the *National Review*, would be brought to the Bar of the House. Anything personal always attracts a large audience. I recollect Arthur Balfour deprecating the idea of Sir George Armstrong and W. T. Madge being brought to the Bar about a dozen years ago. The proceedings, he said, were never very dignified; whatever the culprit had done, sympathy irresistibly went out to the unfortunate individual standing alone at the bar before a crowded house; there was always a danger that the malefactor might turn insolent, as Madge nearly did, and

give the House "what for"; and, after all, the powers of the House are extremely problematical.

As a matter of fact, the Marconi enquiry, like all other enquiries set up by the House, has been a failure. The Parnell Commission was not satisfactory; the Jameson Raid enquiry pleased no one; and the Marconi business promises to be as futile as the costly Titanic Committee; whilst the Samuel enquiry has gone to the Privy Council. The Courts of Law are the only places where justice can really be obtained. If anybody had issued a writ against any and every body who made these allegations, the matter would probably have been settled by now. Maxse was a far stronger witness than Lawson; he stuck to his guns, and, when asked for the names of those who supplied him with information, pleaded the privilege of the Press. He, as the editor of a responsible organ, was not going to give away those who had communicated with him. So the Committee resolved to report him to the Speaker. The Speaker reminded Sir Albert Spicer, the chairman of the Committee, that he can only reprimand or punish on a resolution of the House. Asquith, who is very like Balfour in some things, was not going to take action in a hurry. He probably knows something of Maxse's unflinching character. His naked-looking skull and deep-set eyes, his firm jaw and magazine of invective, show him to be no mean antagonist. In other centuries I can see Leo at the stake, or industriously piling faggots round his enemies if he thought them worth the cost of the wood. The session was nearly at an end; the Committee had adjourned over the recess; so, on the whole, Asquith decided to "wait and see" over the holidays; in fact, he ran away, and Maxse grinned derisively in the outer lobby; but it was an immense disappointment to him not to be brought to the Bar and be given an opportunity of telling the Commons of England and the Government especially what he thought of them. A wise and discreet decision, and, if I were a betting man, I should be open to fix long odds that for this, at any rate, Leo Maxse will never stand on the red line behind the brass telescopes.

We passed on to Indian finance, and Rupert Gwynne, whilst being careful to say that no lack of business integrity was imputed to the gentlemen concerned, thought it very unfortunate that so many well-known Liberals should be employed by the Government in so confidential an affair as the secret purchase of silver for India. Lord Swathling, chairman of Montagu and Co., brother of Montagu, the Under-Secretary for India; the chief negotiator Franklin, brother-in-law to Herbert Samuel, the P.M.G., and cousin to Lord Swathling; and Sir Felix Schuster, chairman of the India Office Finance Committee! No wonder people were suspicious. The Liberals had taken the business out of the hands of the Bank of England, and entered into what Bonar Law called "all this melodramatic secrecy." Gwynne is a comparatively new member, but he stood up to Asquith when he demanded in a menacing tone that he should formulate his charge. "My charge," said Rupert bluntly, "is that the Government gave this delicate Indian business to the family of the Under-Secretary

of State for India." The Radicals tried to "bustle" him by interruption, until the Speaker interfered. In the end, Mr. Asquith recognised Bonar Law's sincerity in acquitting members of complicity in any nefarious transactions contrary to the public interest, but promised a Royal Commission to enquire into the whole of the financial relationships between India and Great Britain; and from what I can see and hear there is a good deal to be done in that way.

I believe Lord Edward Talbot had no ambition to become Chief Whip. As Bernard Shaw said in quite another connection, "it is not a bed of roses"; but he has done so well as acting Whip during the few days he has held that office that he has begun to like it. He has brightened up, shown much shrewd foresight, and as he is personally very popular, and it is due to him by long years of seniority, everybody seems pleased. I believe he will be a successful one.

On Friday, the 14th, being the exact anniversary of the day we commenced business, the session came to an end. Many members had paired and fled to sunnier climes.

The gentle Masterman seems to think he has been too gentle in the past. He is shedding his lamb's skin and showing the wolf's teeth. He was badgered about the free choice of doctors; what had become of Lloyd George's promise? He was perfectly amazed at the accusation. Had not the Government just given a free grant of £2,000,000 to the doctors? People had a free choice; he denied that the doctors had been bullied; but he was determined to fight the conspiracy to kill the panel system. It seemed to me that he contradicted himself by adding as a concession that a few doctors were to be allowed to take a limited number of insured persons, provided they did not pick out special lives, or that, if they did, they should receive a less rate of remuneration. This is not "free choice of doctors," or anything like it.

The Appropriation Bill was then read a third time.

On the debate on the adjournment there were the usual topics to be listened to with what patience we possessed. Sir John Rees talked about opium in China, the condition of affairs in Persia, to say nothing—or rather a good deal—about Tibet. Mr. Taylor, of the Radcliffe Division, seemed to suggest that Rees had better apply for the post of confidential adviser to the Grand Lhama, but alleged that he had shown colossal ignorance about China. Sir Arthur Markham, another obstinate stickler, gave some expert advice so as to avoid or mitigate accidents like the recent one in the colliery at Mansfield, where a huge barrel was overwound and killed many miners. Mr. Royds drew attention to the shortage of small houses in rural districts, and blamed the legislation of the present Government. Mr. Lambert, the Labour member, complained of the alleged victimisation of men on the G.W.R. Sir Thomas Esmonde desired a Public Trustee for Ireland. Mr. O'Malley wanted land purchase in Ireland speeded up; and so it went on.

"Now we are through," I kept on saying; and yet

man after man got up and started a fresh question or grievance. The Ministers in attendance listened deferentially and promised smooth things. It seemed as though they were willing to promise anything if they could only catch their trains; but the bores were relentless. They had their eyes on their local newspapers, and were not to be hurried when they had ample time and no one to stop them; so the House did not eventually rise until half-past five by the chimes of Big Ben.

I never remember such a session.

Notes and News

The February meeting of the Library Assistants' Association was held at the Horniman Museum and Library on Wednesday, February 12, when Mr. J. D. Young, Greenwich, and Mr. G. R. Bolton, Stoke Newington, read papers dealing with the theory and practice of book selection.

Sir Herbert Tree, after an absence of eight months, will make his reappearance at His Majesty's Theatre in a new play on Easter Monday, entitled "The White Man's Burden"—an adaptation by Mr. J. B. Fagan of "Prophet Percival," a drama of English life by the Hungarian, Melchior Lengyel. Sir Herbert returns to the methods of some of his earlier successes, the part he is to play being that of a modern man of the world. Another interesting feature of the production is that Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry will appear for the first time as a married woman, moving in society. Her husband will be represented by Mr. Norman McKinnel, who is returning from America specially to take up the part.

Among those who have now joined the Council of the Little French Theatre are the Countess of Wemyss, Muriel Countess De La Warr, Lord Willoughby de Broke, the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, Sir Edgar Speyer, Sir George Frampton, Sir Henry J. Wood, Sir Herbert Tree, Sir George Alexander, Sir Squire Bancroft, Sir John Hare, Sir Arthur Pinero, Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Mr. John Galsworthy, and Mr. Arnold Bennett. Mr. Philip Carr, at 8, North Terrace, South Kensington, will be glad to give particulars of subscription to the performances, and to hear from French artists who would take part in the performances, and amateurs who would assist as supernumeraries.

The first of this year's lectures under the auspices of the National Book Trade Provident Society is to be held on Friday evening, February 28, at eight o'clock, at Essex Hall, Strand. The lecturer will be Mr. W. Pett Ridge, and his subject is "Cockney Humour." Tickets, price sixpence, may be obtained from any bookseller, or, should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, Mr. H. Cecil Palme, Lecture Secretary of the Society, will be pleased to forward them on application to 91, Great Russell Street. Tickets may also be purchased at the door. The chair will be taken by John Lane, Esq. Particulars of further lectures will be announced in due course.

A deputation, consisting of Colonel Rawson, Miss Grimes, and Mr. W. A. Evans (hon. sec.), waited on the

Central Committee of Poor Law Conferences at the Guildhall on Wednesday, February 12, at 4.30 p.m., to discuss the question of Child Emigration. Colonel Rawson opened the interview by describing the scope and objects of the Standing Committee, and requested that the Poor Law Guardians should be represented on his Committee. The Honorary Secretary then read letters from the Local Government Board, dated September 27, 1912, and from the Dominions Royal Commission, dated February 11, 1913. After an interesting discussion, in which the Committee stated that all Boards of Guardians were actively interested in the migration of children, it was suggested that the deputation should approach the Association of Poor Law Unions, and press that the views of the Committee be placed before the District Conferences. It was also suggested that the Standing Committee should send delegates to any meetings of the District Conferences in different parts of the country. At the end of the meeting a letter was drafted to be sent out by the Secretary of the Central Committee to District Conferences, and it was arranged that papers be enclosed with it, describing the scope of work of the Standing Committee

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

THE inability of the daily Press to present to its readers anything in the nature of a judicial survey of foreign affairs, to which we have drawn attention before in these columns, has once more created an entirely false impression concerning the international situation. Consequent upon the circulation of a telegram purporting to give a summary of the Tsar's reply to the autograph letter sent to him by the Emperor of Austria, the outlook has been viewed with extreme despondency throughout Europe. The circumstance appears to have been overlooked that considerable time elapsed between the receipt of the genuine reply and the publication of the alleged reply. It is to be assumed that, if an acute crisis had been precipitated, it must have originated the moment that the Tsar's answer was in the hands of the Emperor Francis Joseph. Yet, as a matter of fact, the Press did not detect ominous signs in the situation until many days later there came into its possession a concocted version of the Imperial communication. Dr. Dillon has rightly pointed out that this version was expressed in terms so transparently crude and curt as to preclude all possibility of authenticity. Any doubts on the subject, however, have been set at rest by the publication of strongly worded denials, both in St. Petersburg and Vienna.

While it is undeniable that the relations between Austria and Russia, strained since the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and still further impaired by recent events in the Near East, have not of late improved to any material extent, the impression prevails in well-informed circles that solution will be found in compromise, and that, for the time being, at all events, the peace of Europe will be preserved. It is now known that Russia,

who played a leading part in shaping the Balkan League, has definitely associated herself with Servian aspirations. This determination the Tsar doubtless expressed in his reply to the Emperor Francis Joseph, and to that extent the situation has now become clearly defined. But the positive value arising from the frank exchange of views between the two monarchs lies in their mutual declaration of peaceful intention, coupled as it is with their clear resolve to discuss in the spirit of friendship and candour the difficulties of the moment. Naturally, public feeling in Vienna, which throughout the protracted crisis has not been without its moods of excitability, loudly demands an early settlement in favour of Austria. The mobilisation of a great army and the general uncertainty of the situation impose an almost unbearable strain upon the commercial community. But it must not be forgotten that, in regard to the Balkan question, Austria is a house divided against itself. It is only the protests of the patriotic elements that reach this country. Any attempt on the part of the many millions of Slav subjects in the Dual Monarchy to give expression to their indignation meets with rigorous repression. Nevertheless, the knowledge that a war waged against the cause of the Balkan League would inevitably involve grave internal troubles will continue to dictate a policy of restraint on the part of the statesmen of the Ballplatz.

It may even be said that this division within the Empire itself as to external affairs is sufficient to preserve the peace of Europe. But were no such potent factor present in the situation, there would still remain, making for the tranquillity, the dominant influence of the venerable occupant of the Austrian throne. However cynical circumstances may compel diplomatists to be, the human equation as expressed in the personality of the aged Emperor must be reckoned with. It is inconceivable that a sovereign whose long life, it can truly be said, has been devoted to serving the cause of peace, and has been conspicuous for its frequent acts of tenderness, should, unless the sternest calls of duty compel otherwise, close his reign amid a war that would be so widespread as to embrace the whole of Europe.

When, permitting our minds to go back to the days of her own struggle with Turkey, we examine the policy of Russia in regard to the Balkan question, we find that it has been perfectly consistent. Frequently the writer has insisted in these columns that, so soon as the proper time for action arrived, Russia would be found strenuously supporting the attitude of the Slav States. When the future historian undertakes the task of recording the events of our own times, he will be under an obligation to award unstinted praise to the temperate policy pursued by M. Sazanoff. The difficulties with which he was faced have called for almost superhuman patience. Day after day he has been abused in the leading organs of the Russian Press; and his critics have not stopped short of levelling at him the charge that he was no patriot, but was the friend of Austria. The Foreign Minister, however, is in a better position to judge of Russia's true interests than are his opponents. If they

have forgotten the terrible lessons of Manchuria, he, at any rate, is not unmindful of the evil consequences that attend victor and vanquished alike when great issues are put to the arbitrament of war. He realises that the recent period of unparalleled prosperity which his country has enjoyed is to be attributed to a state of peace, and that, above all, the stability of the Throne can alone be assured on the broad basis of national contentment. When full allowance has been made for all these reasons which actuate him in his wise policy of patience, there remains the quiet determination, none the less real because kept in the background, that Russia will not permit the frontiers of the new Albania to encroach upon what she regards as the legitimate territories of the new Serbia.

Another logical development of Russia's intimate friendship with the Balkan States is her resolution to dissuade Rumania from taking advantage of the embarrassments of Bulgaria. Here again we find a sharp point of difference between Austria and her great neighbour. But the writer, speaking from knowledge conveyed to him from high quarters, repeats that all the problems at present disturbing Europe are believed to be capable of early solution. As a hopeful precedent, the settlement of the issue of a Servian outlet on the Adriatic is cited; and it is pointed out that the delimitation of Albanian boundaries affords abundant scope for satisfactory adjustment. As far as the Rumanian dispute is concerned, reliance is placed upon the efficacy of mediation, and the fact is not lost sight of that the Bucharest Government cannot wage war upon Bulgaria without first involving Russia and Austria. In the event of this latter contingency becoming threatening, the factors which I have described as making for European peace would be brought into play. Finally, it is to be remembered that hostilities between Russia and Austria could not be isolated. In that case the Powers of the Triple Entente would be compelled to take united action against the powers of the Triple Alliance; and both Great Britain and Germany are anxious for their own reasons to avert this calamity at the present juncture. Bearing this dread possibility in mind, and influenced to no small measure by the considerations which I have already set forth, it is little wonder that statesmen responsible for foreign policy in Austria and Russia should exhibit the utmost circumspection.

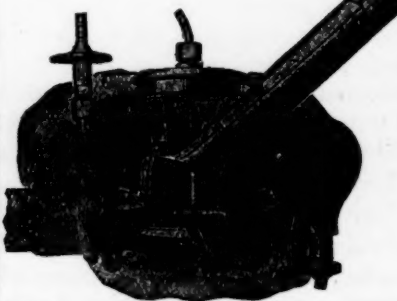
MOTORING

TO Mr. Percy Lambert and the 25-h.p. Talbot belong the distinction of being the first man and car to cover 100 miles within the hour, and motor manufacturers generally, much as they would have liked to secure the honour for themselves, are too sportsmanlike to grudge for a moment the triumph of the "Invincible." The memorable performance was accomplished at Brooklands on Saturday last, the actual distance covered within the sixty minutes being 103 miles 1470 yards. This, of course, does not represent the highest rate of speed ever attained, 127

m.p.h. having been accomplished many years ago by a Stanley steamer, and 124 m.p.h. approximately, by a Benz car; but these were purely sprint performances over distances like the kilometre or mile, and cannot be compared as sustained *tours de force* with the Talbot demonstration. It is gratifying that the much-coveted honour of being the first to cover 100 miles in the hour has been secured by a British car and a British driver.

According to the *Autocar*, a long-felt want in the shape of a device for lighting acetylene lamps from the driver's seat has been invented and will shortly make its appearance on the market. It consists of a pair of electrodes in each lamp, one at each side of the burner, one being connected to earth and the other to a high-tension lead from one of the sparking plugs. A small switch is fitted on the dash by which the current to the sparking plug can be diverted through the electrodes. A spark is thus caused to jump across the burner, and this ignites the gas issuing therefrom, the generator having, of course, been previously set going by the water being turned on. The effect of short-circuiting the current in this way is to cause a misfire in the cylinder affected, but only a momentary "short" has been found necessary to light the lamps, so that no serious inconvenience is caused. Theoretically the idea is an excellent one, and one wonders it has not been evolved before.

This year the leading motor firms seem to have entered into a keen rivalry in the production of costly and sumptuously got-up catalogues, some of them being veritable masterpieces of the printers' and illustrators' art. One just to hand from Messrs. Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., of 180, Great Portland Street, W., is certainly equal to anything we have seen in that direction in its judicious arrangement of matter, typographical excellence and general attractiveness. Pages 12 to 19 are devoted to an especially full description of the latest Vauxhall chassis, the new features being lucidly indicated in paragraphs detached from the text; while on pages 20 and 21 are to be found some very interesting particulars of the special machines used for testing purposes and of the materials used in Vauxhall construction. Space is also devoted to a list of successes in trials and competitions, and there is also a page dealing with Vauxhall marine engines, showing



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THE ATLAS SYND. LD.
122G, High St.,
Kensington, W.

how successful these engines have been during 1912. The catalogue should be in the hands of all motorists who are interested in high-grade cars and the methods adopted to produce them.

According to the sixth official report of the Tyre Trial, the position of the contestants on the 8th inst. was: Victor, 11,129 miles; Dunlop, 11,056½ miles; Continental (out), 9,553 miles; Michelin, 7,172 miles. These are the aggregate mileages accomplished up to the date mentioned by all three types of tyres—steel-studded, grooved rubber, and plain tread. In order to remove any impression there might be to the effect that the Victor steel-studded cover, which won the first round of the trial, was a specially good specimen, the makers have submitted it to analysis, along with two others of different sizes taken haphazard from stock, by Faraday House, with the result that all three have been found practically identical in quality of studs, rubber, and canvas.

It appears that this country is not alone in having to face an almost impossible position with regard to its petrol supply. According to *The Motor*, the price of the spirit in Austria has reached such a pitch that the matter was recently the subject of a Parliamentary motion, whereby its backers, after having directed attention to the inner-working of the causes of this rise, begged for State assistance, without which nothing could be effected to stave off the dangers menacing the motor and allied industries.

Referring to recent disclosures as to the unsatisfactory methods adopted by many of the "schools of motoring" in London, it may be mentioned that up to the present only five of these institutions have obtained the R.A.C. official appointment for 1913. They are as follows:—The Mansions Motor Garage, Motor Schools, Ltd., the Wolseley Tool and Motor Car Co., Ltd., Friswells, Ltd., and Mr. A. F. Bennett, A.M.I.E.E.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

ANOTHER severe scare has swept like a simoom across the markets. There was no account open, therefore prices did not fall seriously, but everyone felt uneasy, as in the presence of an imminent earthquake. Big bankers may declare that peace is assured, but they nevertheless refuse to lend money. Big statesmen may say that they hope for the best, but they are one and all preparing for war. Yes, war is in the mind of all. This is not surprising, for we have not had a European war since 1870. Such a period of peace is phenomenal—may I say unique? It is impossible for us to go on any longer creating huge engines of war, spending vast sums upon soldiers and ships—the big men see that it is cheaper to fight. The idea in the City is that if the banks refuse to make loans war will be impossible; but this is mere foolishness. No banker wants war; no banker will lend for a purpose that appears warlike. But once a war has begun all the banks

must support the States in which they trade. They live under State protection and make profits out of State business. They must therefore lend in war time as in peace. But as the risk is greater so must their pay be higher. To-day Austria is willing to pay seven per cent. for a loan. When she is fighting Russia she will have to pay 10 per cent. Why therefore should banks be so foolish as to advance money to-day when, by waiting, they may get fifty per cent. higher interest on their cash?

On the day that Montenegro declared war upon Turkey the far-seeing sold all their paper except gilt-edged stuff, and sat upon the gold. Paper is valueless in war time. No one expected a big European war in the autumn. It was unthinkable. But a great many are convinced that as soon as spring comes we shall see one of the vastest struggles the world has ever suffered. Therefore, I say that people should be most cautious in making investments. Indeed, I go further, and say that people of moderate means should realise everything that can in any way be called speculative. Risky securities should never be held in days like these. Only good sound gilt-edged stocks are saleable in war time.

A few new issues come out but they are not received with any attention. The Russian Railway Loan is safe, but none too cheap. There are many loans on the tapis. How many will get underwritten I cannot say. The big Trusts that underwrite are now full up to the eyes and will take no more.

MONEY cannot grow cheaper. It is true that many of the new issues do not destroy credit—on the contrary, they create it, for they give the banker a security upon which to lend, and upon which they in their turn can borrow. But we soon reach a period of saturation—beyond which no bank can absorb any more paper. We have already reached that point. Prices are high, and that means an increased demand for money. Trade is good, and more money is needed here, and enterprise is rampant and can use millions in good sound schemes. I think that high-water mark has been reached, and that trade will gradually begin to decline. This will release some money so that if peace is once assured we may soon get a fall in rates. But when will peace be assured? That is a question none of us can answer. Not even Dr. Dillon, who, I understand, is adviser in chief to most of the Imperial Courts and all the minor Kings of Europe.

FOREIGNERS are flat. Paris says Tintos are safe to hold because the company does such a huge trade in copper pyrites, which are in demand for sulphuric acid. But I think Paris wrong—the copper position is bad. Dear money has killed it. International stocks are dull, but the changes are not serious because no one wishes to force sales. All the minor States need money and cannot get it. Italy and Austria finance by bills, but do not like it. France can get her 20 millions for her army in the twinkling of an eye, but then France is the richest country in the world.

HOME RAILS.—The latest dividend results are singular, but on the whole satisfactory. The Government have broken faith with the companies, however, in making the New Bill renewable in five years, and this has not helped the markets. I still say that our leading Railways are undervalued. But no one will buy. The bulk of the investing public are afraid that huge sums will be needed for electrification. This is true. All our railways should electrify their main lines, and indeed any branch line that has a reasonable traffic. The first cost would be great, but the saving in a densely populated country like England would be enormous. It must be done sooner or later. We have seen the District turned from a hopeless failure into a prosperous line simply through electrification. The Brighton should begin at once. It is pre-eminently a line for the electric current. I am suggesting a big thing, but

a profitable one. It requires capital—that can be got; it also requires courage—that is a commodity in which railway boards don't deal.

YANKEES.—The banks take gloomy views. They have Wilson on the brain; he is apparently playing the Roosevelt game in an academic style, and with much more politeness. But the banks think that he means to go for the Trusts. So far the annihilation of the Trusts has had no effect upon the earning power of the sections into which they have been split. Neither has it reduced the cost of living or, indeed, done any good whatever. But it all sounds brave and makes the politician popular. The markets do not like it. Some people are buying Rocks on the idea that the segregation of Union and Southern will help Rocks very much. The 'stock has one advantage—it is cheap. Perhaps that is the only good quality it possesses! The last quarterly report of the Nevada Consolidated was bad. The dividend is maintained, but at the expense of the surplus. The report complains that the company could not sell its copper, and that it had been compelled to take it in at 15 cents. This is not good hearing. Copper looks like tumbling much lower.

MINES.—The Globe and Phoenix meeting will be held next Tuesday, and I again urge upon shareholders to send proxies to Mr. Porter. The board in electing only one new director showed the cloven hoof. They have the power at any time to force a single director to resign by sending him a letter signed by all the other members of the board. Therefore Mr. Turnbull and Mr. Porter were quite justified when they said, "Two or none." Globe and Phoenix sadly needs a new board, and I hope that the shareholders will vote solid. If they do they may rely upon increased dividends and economy. In the circular sent out by the board it is admitted that the £80,000 contract for the new main shaft was arranged in spite of Mr. Piper having told the directors that it was a mere speculation. I hear badly of Giants, and they should be sold.

RUBBER remains dull. The optimists declare that they will put up prices as soon as markets improve, but I can see no real justification for any rise. The price of raw rubber does not rise, and no one dares speculate in the commodity, as the trade in the States does not warrant a boom. I fancy we shall see a sagging tendency as long as the war scare lasts.

TIN shares have been the liveliest market in the House. Ropps fluctuate, but Edmund Davis declares that they will go to £15, and he can put them there. They are a most dangerous gamble—as, indeed, are all the Nigerian properties. The tale runs that Ropps, once the dispute over the land is settled, will be able to release a big tonnage of tin which they dare not register until they know how the dispute over the land will go.

OIL.—In Russia all the big companies are combining, and they say that they will keep oil easily at its present price. A new oil territory has been tested near St. Petersburg, and is reported as marvellous—so that we may yet get another oil boom at Oukta. But the land has not been proclaimed as yet, and it is early days to talk.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The collapse in Mexico has seriously affected all the Pearson group; also the money squeeze has hit the Farquhar crowd. These two groups are allied, and what hurts one hurts the other. The Maple report is excellent. This fine business, so excellently managed, goes on growing year by year. I wish I could praise the report of the Underground Electric, but alas it is frankly bad. Nothing is written off the big item of "discounts," and the dividend of 6 per cent. on the Income Bonds is only paid by bringing in a new company called the Equipments, which seems to have made large profits. The Omnibus report is also bad.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

BACON v. SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Sir E. Durning-Lawrence remarks, in your issue of February 8, that a suggestion of "Tom Jones" "can only be intended to deceive your readers." This is Satan rebuking Sin with a vengeance! On page 89 of that entertaining volume, "Bacon is Shakespeare," by Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, Bart., I find the following passage: "The great author Francis Bacon *caused to be issued* almost immediately a book attributed to Francis Meres, which is called 'Palladis Tamia, Wits Treasury'; and again on p. 145, 'He (Bacon) also *brought out under the name of Francis Meres, 'Wits Treasury.'*'" No authority is given for the egregious statements I have italicised. Naturally—for there is none. Presumably the author expected all his readers to be ignorant enough to accept his *ipse-dixit*! Another passage in the same work might lead an unwary reader to suppose that Emile Montégut (whose charming volume, "Essais sur la Littérature Anglaise," is, by the way, hardly so well-known as it deserves), was a Baconian! The author of statements of this kind should think twice before accusing others of deception.

Sir E. Durning-Lawrence and other Baconians appear to be considerably distressed when their hero's poetical competence is called in question. Surely their qualms are groundless. Never will lovers of true poetry cease to cherish the immortal distich—

"Thou that hast set the great Leviathan
That makes the seas to seethe like boiling-pan!"

Could the dullest ear fail to recognise here the music of the "Sonnets"? And have we not the equally melodious Latin Hexameter, rescued for a grateful posterity by the industry of Sir E. Durning-Lawrence, and adorned by him with four pages of commentary which Latin scholars will duly appreciate?

Hi ludi F. Baconis nati tuiti orbi.

Criticism retires abashed before a whiff of such Heliconian fragrance!

It would be interesting if Sir E. Durning-Lawrence would give us the reference to the passage in Pliny which he asserts to have been the basis of the Preface to the First Folio. It seems a little odd, at first sight, that Bacon should have had to go so far afield for a Preface to his own immortal plays, but his inventive powers were presumably exhausted by his typographical labours on that unweildy volume, and he felt incapable of making the effort for himself.

The remarkable evidence of the two Brasenose undergraduates and one Fellow of Trinity, adduced by Sir E. Durning-Lawrence, seems to show conclusively that at our ancient universities the Baconian flag waves triumphant, except over the mansions of "a few old fossils" (*quorum pars*, Professor Bradley, doubtless, and Dr. Aldis Wright). But all is not yet lost! I am credibly informed that two Bedmakers and the junior Dean of Lincoln still cling to the relics of the ancient Stratfordian faith!

To turn to Mr. Smedley. His method of dealing with the evidence of Francis Meres lacks the bold simplicity of that of Sir E. Durning-Lawrence, but is none the less instructive. It consists of the time-honoured procedure of assuming what he has to prove and then arguing from his assumption as if it were a fact. He *assumes* that "the name, William Shakespeare, was chosen by Bacon apart from and without reference to him of Stratford," and then calmly rules Meres' evidence out of court, on the ground

that there is nothing to connect Meres' Shakespeare with "him of Stratford"! Obviously, if, instead of five, there were extant five thousand references to Shakespeare, made in his lifetime, poor Will, of Stratford, would be no nearer the authorship of the plays. It may be noted, in passing, that the analogy of George Eliot does not help Mr. Smedley. We know from Marian Evans' own letters and her husband's "Life" that she assumed the name of "George Eliot." We do not know from any contemporary evidence that Bacon assumed the name of William Shakespeare. And Mr. Smedley talks bravely of "the inexorable logic" of Baconians. Inexorable fiddlestick!

Baconians never seem to understand that the argument from the paucity of contemporary references *proves too much*. Mr. Smedley says: "There are during his lifetime no contemporary allusions by writers which connect the Stratford man with the authorship." Very well. Let us apply this elsewhere.

(1) "There are during his lifetime no contemporary allusions by writers which connect the Eleusis man with the authorship of the 'Prometheus Vincit,' 'Agamemnon,' etc."

(2) "There are during his lifetime no contemporary allusions by writers which connect the Sarsina man with the authorship of the 'Trinummus,' 'Rudens,' etc."

If this method of reasoning is fatal to Shakespeare, it is equally or more fatal to Æschylus and Plautus. But perhaps one of these days Sir E. Durning-Lawrence will strip "the drunken clown of Eleusis" of his borrowed plumes and transfer them to Heraclitus. It is needless to multiply instances, but this kind of reasoning would make a clean sweep of half antiquity!

Lastly, why all this pontifical mystery about the First Folio? According to Mr. Smedley, "when the facts become known as to that volume all controversy must be ended." What facts? All the facts that are ever likely to be known, are known already. What does Mr. Smedley or any Baconian know about the Folio that Mr. Pollard, and real scholars like him, do not know? Here, too, the Baconians, to quote "the St. Albans man," "*viam sibi delegerunt omnine erroneam et imperviam*."—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

HUMPHREY CLINKER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—“Tom Jones” in your issue of the 8th instant asks the question: “But why should Bacon, who had no scruple against owning himself the writer of Masques for Royal entertainment, hesitate to acknowledge the dramas—literature of the same nature, but superior in merit?” The answer is simple. Bacon did not own himself the writer of Masques. Portions of a mask, or masks, have been attributed to him by Mr. Spedding on exactly similar grounds to those on which Baconians attribute to him the authorship of the Shakespeare plays.

“Tom Jones” says: “Yet Richard Hooker in his ‘Ecclesiastical Polity’ had then already given the best prose, and Edmund Spenser in his ‘Faerie Queen’ the best poetry.” Again your correspondent displays ignorance of the facts. Francis Bacon’s literary activity commenced in 1576, Hooke’s “Ecclesiastical Polity” was not published until 1594 (eighteen years after!); the “Faerie Queen” was published from 1590 to 1596 (fourteen to twenty years after!)

“Tom Jones” quotes Judge Allen (an American lawyer of no exceptional standing), as saying that “Shakespeare makes mistakes in these matters which no lawyer or student of the law could be guilty of.” Lord Campbell, one of our greatest legal authorities, has left us the

standard work on the subject—“Shakespeare’s Legal Acquirements.” He thus summarises the results of his investigations: “To Shakespeare’s law, lavishly as he propounds it, there can be no demurrer, nor bill of exceptions, nor writ of error.”

“Tom Jones” is also in error as to the commencement of the translation of the Bible, known as the Authorised Version. It was decided on at the Hampton Court Conference in January, 1603. (I wonder whether “Tom Jones” has read the King’s speech at that conference?) and the work was commenced in the spring of 1604, *not* in 1607. He is also in error as to the meeting places of the six translating companies—but let that pass. Only forty-seven of the fifty-four translators appointed, carried through the work. When the translation was finished two were selected from each company to review and polish the whole. In nine months they completed their task and during that period they received £30 weekly from the Company of Stationers. Afterwards Dr. Bilson and Dr. Miles Smith again reviewed the whole, and in 1609 the final work of the translators was handed to the King. *In 1610 the King returned it to them completed.* Was it during this period that some trusted servant of the King made havoc of the work of the translators and substituted for a literal translation that free translation produced in that matchless style which makes the work take rank as one of the masterpieces of literature? Certainly this was not the work of either Bilson or Miles Smith, for they were styleless.

In Spottiswoode’s “History of the Church of Scotland,” A.D. 1847, Vol. III., p. 99, it is stated that on James coming to England he “set the most learned divines of that church a-work for the translation of the Bible. . . . but the revising of the Psalms he made his own labour and . . . went through a number of them, commending the rest to a faithful and learned servant, who hath therein answered his M. expectation.”

Bacon has left behind him a prayer which had it been incorporated in the Psalms would have added to their lustre. Addison says that “for elevation of thought and greatness of expression it seems rather the devotion of an angel than that of a man.” Professor Fowler pronounced this prayer to be “the finest bit of composition in the English language.” There was no other man living at the time who has left behind in his writings any evidence that he was capable of creating the magnificent language which is to be found in the Psalms. Truly Bacon “put his ambition wholly upon his pen.” That is the great argument of the Baconians. To suggest that because Bacon wrote “The Advancement of

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Learning" and the "Novum Organum" he could not have written "Hamlet" or "King Lear," is about as absurd a contention as could be raised. Because in both these books he definitely states that he is going to write works which he describes at length and which in every particular and detail correspond with these dramas and the others mentioned by your correspondent.

Bacon no poet! Then Taine, Lord Campbell, Shelley, Macaulay, Bulwer Lytton, and Spedding are all mistaken, for they all and numbers of other eminent literary men proclaim him to be a poet having few if any equals. Verse is not necessarily poetry in its true sense, and prose may be poetry of the highest order.

"Tom Jones" asserts that the First Folio establishes beyond doubt that William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon was the author of the plays. I assert it proves conclusively and beyond doubt or cavil that the words "William Shakespeare" is a pseudonym for F. Bacon. Let the Editor of THE ACADEMY select some capable impartial authority to whom we can each submit our testimony. I have no fear as to the result.

WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY.

11, Hart Street, W.C., February 11, 1913.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Upwards of three hundred books, pamphlets, and essays have been written on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. The Baconians, having no real facts to base their argument upon, have resorted to extravagant notions, such as devised by that cryptogrammist, Dr. Orville W. Owen, of Detroit, who alleged that Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays, sonnets, etc., Edmund Spenser's "Faerie Queene" and his other works, Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and the plays of Marlowe, Greene, and Peele. Then Ignatius Donnelly, of New York, invented "The Great Cryptogram. Francis Bacon's cypher in the so-called Shakespeare plays." And there appeared another by Mrs. F. C. A. Windle, of San Francisco, whose cypher was a mysterious communication from the spirit of Bacon himself in the unseen world. But no one who has investigated the subject seriously has yet found a single fact to prove that Bacon is Shakespeare.

Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence informs us that the undergraduates at Brazenose College do not believe in Stratford. Sir Thomas Overbury ("Characters") passes some observations on a mere scholar as follows: "The antiquity of his University College is his creed, and the excellency of his college (though but for a match at football) an article of his faith. His tongue goes always before his wit. University jests are his universal discourse. 'Tis a wrong to his reputation to be ignorant of anything, and yet he knows not he knows nothing." In the "Shakespeare Myth" Sir Edwin points out that Shakespeare's picture in the First Folio is a sham. It is nothing of the kind. Certainly the engraving by Martin Droeshout is not a successful one. The head is far too large for the body, and the dress is absurdly out of perspective. The unpractised engraver had only a drawing of a head to work from, for while the head shows the individuality of the portraiture, the body is clearly done without any artistic skill. In Ben Jonson's lines in reference to the portrait, line 4, occurs the compound "out-do," which, Sir Edwin says, according to the New English Dictionary, means "do-out," and actually gives a quotation showing its use in that sense. But the dictionary also gives under sense 2: "out-do," to exceed in doing or performance; to excel, surpass. Again, Sir Edwin says "hit" in line 6 means "hide." The N.E.D., under sense 14, explains "hit," to attain to an exact imitation or representation of. Sir Edwin states that "weed" signifies disguise. *Wæd* is

the Anglo-Saxon word, meaning clothing, garment. For instance, Milton, in "Paradise Lost," III., 480: "And they who . . . dying put on weeds of Dominic, or in a Franciscan think to pass disguised." Now mark the contradiction. Sir Edwin quotes Bacon, "I have though in a *despised weed* procured the good of all men," and the Shakespeare Sonnet LXXVI.:—

Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a *noted weed*,

That every word doth almost tell my name.

The italics are mine. *Weed*, Sir Edwin says, "signifies disguise. And what meaner disguise, a more 'despised weed' than the pseudonym of William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, Gentleman?" I cannot see how Bacon could have adopted a "mean disguise" by assuming the name of "William Shakespeare, Gentleman." Neither do I understand by adopting "a noted weed" any deception could be successful. Still less so when "every word doth almost tell my name." Sir Edwin lays much stress upon the absence of Shakespeare's autograph manuscripts. It has been conjectured that they were destroyed when the Globe Theatre was burned down in 1613. But it must be remembered that twenty of the plays were not printed until 1623. So they may have been kept at the Blackfriars Theatre. The only known autograph work of any eminent dramatist of the Elizabethan period (except the masques of Ben Jonson), is Philip Massinger's tragedy, "Believe As You List," now in the British Museum. With this exception there is not one original MS. of even a single play between 1572 and 1642 that has survived.

Mr. W. T. Smedley asserts that the plays as printed—viz., as we have them in print—were not produced at the Elizabethan public theatres; if they had, the audiences of that period could not have appreciated such dramas. Now Thomas Nashe, in "Pierce Penilesse," 1592, mentions the class of persons who witness a play: "For whereas the afternoon, being the idlest time of the day, wherein men that are their own masters (as gentlemen of the Court, the Inns of the Court, and the number of captains and soldiers about London) do wholly bestow themselves upon pleasure . . . that they should betake them to the least [extreme] which is plays? Nay, what if I prove plays to be no extreme, but a rare exercise of virtue? First, for the subject of them (for the most part) it is borrowed out of our English chronicles, etc." Nashe goes on to say: "How would it have joyed brave Talbot (the terror of the French) to think that after he had lain two hundred years in his tomb, he should triumph again on the stage, and have his bones new embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators (at several times) who in the tragedian that represents his person imagineth they behold him fresh bleeding." Here, then, is positive information as to the popularity of the chronicle plays, and the class of audiences who witnessed them. It is obvious that the Baconian statements are never instructive and always misleading. I am, Sir, your faithfully,

London, E.C.

TOM JONES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence's constant abuse of Shakespeare seems, to say the least, ungrateful, seeing that, on the hypothesis, he was so useful to Bacon! Besides, as has so often been pointed out—and as often ignored—the very terms of this abuse give Bacon's game away, since the wisest man of his age could not have been such a fool as to choose "a drunken, illiterate clown" to figure as the author of his plays and poems! How, even in remote Stratford (whither Sir Edwin conveniently makes Bacon pack Shakespeare off in 1597), could the reputed author for nineteen years have escaped detection? Yet, in Andrew Lang's phrase: "The evidence for the

contemporary faith in Will's authorship is all positive; from his own age comes not a whisper of doubt, not even a murmur of surprise." Ben Jonson and Tom Drayton shared Will's traditional conviviality, but we do not call them "drunkards," and we cannot believe, on Sir Edwin's authority, that Shakespeare "died in a damp ditch" ("of drink taken") or that he "was one of the greatest scoundrels that ever lived." Sir Edwin, whilst rejecting, or explaining away, contemporary evidence or later tradition in Will's favour, is too ready to adopt as proved any shred of tittle-tattle which tells against the "clown of Stratford." Other Baconians do not admit that the Shakespeare of the plays was the Stratford actor, so that here, as often, they cancel each other out, like inconvenient fractions.

So with the question of illiteracy. By far the ablest and most learned of the anti-Shakespeareans, himself a practising barrister—Mr. G. G. Greenwood—"thinks it highly probable that Shakespeare attended the Grammar School at Stratford for four or five years, and that, later in life, he was able to 'bumbast out a line' and perhaps to pose as our 'poet-ape who would be thought our chief.'"

Given such education, plus the genius evidenced by the plays themselves, and Shakespeare's authorship involves no further miracle. For the legal and classical lore in the plays has been exaggerated. To borrow freely from Andrew Lang:—Mr. Clarke, K.C., "the learned Recorder of Bristol who, as Mr. Greenwood admits, really does know something about law, holds that in some of the plays Shakespeare had the aid of an expert in law and then his technicalities were correct, but that where he had no such aid, his legal jargon was sadly to seek." Similarly, false quantities and topsy-turvy anachronisms are held by competent authorities to prove that the writer could not have been a great classical scholar. Nor was he, by Ben Jonson and other contemporaries, considered to be learned. From Lyly's Court plays, from the abounding translations and pamphlets of his day, and from intercourse with travellers and men of wit and learning, such a man as Shakespeare could, and doubtless did, pick up such courtly talk and manners and such other knowledge as the plays contain. No adequate motive has ever been suggested for Bacon's concealment of his (supposed) authorship, and if not only Shakespeare, but also Ben Jonson, Spenser, and all other writers of that day were merely Bacon's hacks or dummies, the concealment of such a "Secret de Polichinelli" is indeed a miracle!

As to ciphers and cryptograms, when Sir Edwin gravely "proves" by their aid that Bacon foretold the precise year—1910—of the killing of "the Shakespeare myth" by the publication of the epoch-making pamphlet of that title; or again, when he "proves," by the position of the words "Shake" and "Spear" in a certain Psalm, Bacon's authorship, not only of the plays, but also of the authorised version of the Bible—men of normal judgment may well leave Time to deal with all this locus-pocus of mystery-mongering as it has dealt with the efforts of Mrs. Gallup and Ignatius Donnelly.

As to Mr. Smedley, his fantastic theory that Bacon, narcissus-like, fell in love with his own image (an early miniature of himself), and that the sonnets were the result, is hardly calculated to inspire confidence in his judgment. —Yours faithfully,

London, S.E.

A LOVER OF "OUR WILL."

THE LIBERTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—Will you allow me to add another note to Mr. Daniel's appeal in your last issue? This question of

the liberty of the individual is fast assuming an aggravated phase. The whole crux of the matter lies in the political peregrinations of the quacks or charlatans now disgracing Parliamentary record with their subterfuges and base devices, their ninence for fourpence and nothing for twopence legislation, which is simply designed as a specious catch-vote manœuvre to clog the clogged wit of the electorate at the forthcoming election, and so secure for its authors another and more inglorious lease of office.

The intellect of the nation is heartily sick of this vain and boasting coalition of cant-orators, and it is fully time, as Mr. Daniel says, that some effort was made to overthrow the paltrons disgracing our national life and discrediting national genius in the eyes of posterity. Mr. Daniel's appeal deserves a magnificent response, and I for one await with interest the disclosures which I feel sure he is about to make.—Yours faithfully,

London, S.W.

H. M. DOUST.

LEAGUE FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—On Sunday my landlord (I live near a small country village) said to me: "The farmers' men are already talking about the £1 a week and the cottages Lloyd George has promised them."

If ever there was a time when it was necessary for the Unionist party to wake up and carry on an active campaign, *before the election comes*, it is now.

Every village ought to be stirred up, and there are plenty of young men willing and eager to take part in this, if they are only properly organised and *given a lead*. The Radical Party, like the Nonconformists, know how to utilise enthusiasm to the best advantage.—Yours, etc.,

HAROLD WINTLE.

Royal South Western Yacht Club, Plymouth.

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